

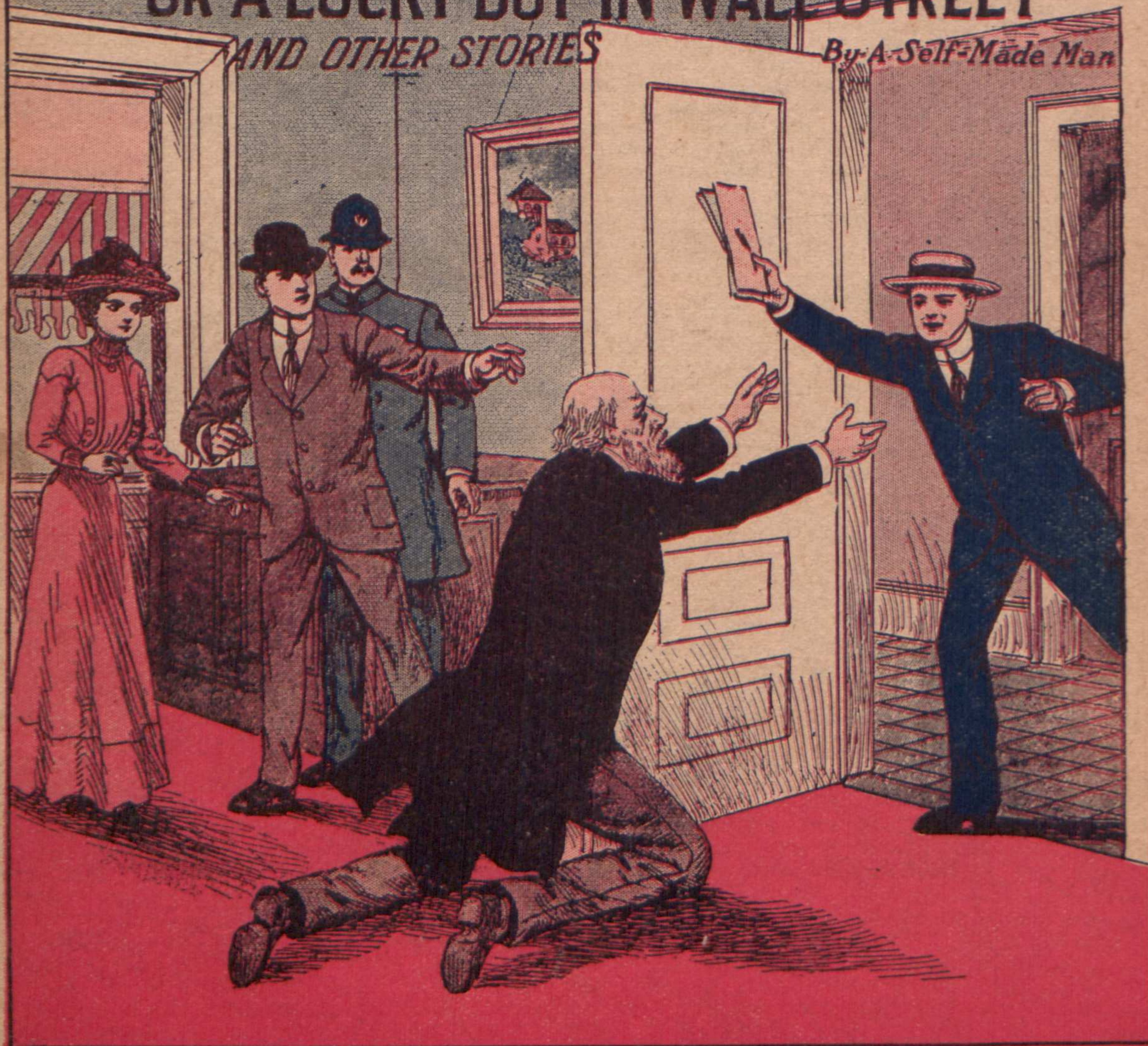
FAME & FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF
BOYS THAT MAKE MONEY.

THE MISSING BONDS OR A LUCKY BOY IN WALL STREET

AND OTHER STORIES

By A Self-Made Man



"I've recovered the missing bonds, Mr. Benson," cried Tom, rushing into the room and waving them in the air. With a cry of joy and relief the broker fell on his knees and extended his arms toward the boy

Return to

6531-39th Ave.

Grandview Ave.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

Issued Weekly—Subscription price, \$3.50 per year; Canada, \$4.00; Foreign, \$4.50. Harry E. Wolff, Publisher, 160 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 4, 1911, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

No. 826

NEW YORK, JULY 29, 1921.

Price 7 Cents

THE MISSING BONDS

Or, A LUCKY BOY IN WALL STREET

BY A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—A Pair of Rascals.

"Tom, this envelope contains fifty coupons, representing the semi-annual interest on fifty \$1,000 first mortgage five per cent. bonds of the Hercules Iron & Steel Co. Take them to the company's office in the Bowling Green Building, present them with the accompanying memorandum, and collect the amount due," said Joel Benson, an old white-haired stock broker, whose office was on Wall street.

"Yes, sir," said Tom, taking the envelope and leaving the office.

Although only an office boy, he was, to a certain extent, in the old man's confidence, for Mr. Benson had taken a great fancy to the bright lad who had been in his employ a matter of three years and had proved his worth in many ways. Tom knew that the bonds in question were the property of John and Mattie Field, Mr. Benson's wards, left in trust with the broker by their father, and that this was the last time his employer would collect the interest, for the young people would soon be of legal age and then the bonds would be turned over to them, half to each.

"What a lucky pair John and Mattie Field are!" thought Tom, as he hurried down Broad street. "Within a short time they will each have \$25,000 in gilt-edge securities to do with as they please. That's quite a nest-egg for them. I wonder if I'll ever be worth as much? I've got \$600 I've made out of the market from a \$50 start, which is doing pretty well, I think, but there's a whole lot of difference between \$600 and \$25,000."

Tom reached the office of the Hercules Iron & Steel Co., presented the coupons with the memorandum, received a check, and returned to the office. He handed the check to Mr. Benson and then went to the cashier's desk to get the bank book and the day's deposits, which it was time for him to take to the bank. He performed this errand in his customary good time, turned the bank book in to the cashier, who combined in himself the position of head bookkeeper, for Mr. Benson's office was not a large one, and he, a second bookkeeper, and a boy a year Tom's senior, comprised, with a stenographer, the whole of the counting room force.

Mr. Benson was not as prosperous as formerly. Various financial losses had greatly impaired his capital, and the competition of hustling brokers, much younger than himself, had curtailed his list of customers. He was growing older every day

and less active, and he did not reach out for new clients, as others did, and so business was running down with him. That's why the two men and Jack Brag, the boy, were able to handle his work without overexerting themselves.

Jack and Tom were excellent friends, but the relationship between the boys and the bookkeepers were not so cordial. Neither of the boys liked Edmund Thacker, the elderly cashier, nor Phil Desmond, the sporty second bookkeeper, and they believed that the two men would not have gone into mourning if they had left the office. But they did like Miss Dickey O'Neill, the stenographer, and she showed unmistakable partiality for them. After handing over the bank book, Tom sat down to await a further call on his services. He picked up a Wall Street paper he had borrowed from Mr. Benson and looked over the latest financial intelligence. Most boys would not be interested in such reading. It would be dry and in many cases unintelligible to them.

Tom, however, had a reason for keeping abreast with Wall Street matters. He was on the lookout for a chance to increase his \$600. He had the speculative bug in his belfry, and having been pretty fortunate in his ideals so far, he was anxious to get into another. The fact that John Field, who was only about three years his senior, would soon come into \$25,000, without any labor on his part, stimulated him to boost his own pile. Although such a sum as \$25,000 almost exceeded his wildest dreams, still he did not wholly despair of making as much as that some day if his luck continued. He felt that the first thousand was the hardest to get.

Tom was reading about the probability of a rise in Consolidated Gas, owing to the satisfactory report which had just been rendered by the company, when the cashier called him to his window and sent him to a Nassau street stationer's to buy something he needed. When he got back it was half-past three and the cashier told him that Mr. Benson wanted him. He went into the private room.

"I want you to take this box back to the safe deposit vault and have it locked up," said the old broker. "It contains the fifty bonds belonging to my wards. It is on special deposit, you know, and goes into the cage where such articles are kept."

"All right, sir. I'll see that it gets there all right."

As Mr. Benson had all confidence in his office

boy, he handed the box to him and put the key in a small drawer of his private safe. At that moment the cashier entered the room with a paper for the broker's signature.

"As you are going out, I have an errand for you, Marshall," he said. "Go into the counting room and wait for me."

Tom did so, and in a minute or two Thacker returned to his desk.

"Place that box on the end of my desk a moment," he said, "and shove your arm behind the safe. A certificate of stock dropped in there, and I can't reach it myself. Your arm is smaller than mine, so perhaps you'll be more successful."

Tom did as he was requested. The only other persons in the room besides themselves were Desmond, at the desk behind, and Miss O'Neill, in her curtained den, Jack Brag having just been sent with a note to an office on that floor. Tom took off his jacket, reached behind the safe and felt the certificate he had been asked to recover. He could just reach it with his fingers, and it took him a good five minutes to get it out. He handed it to the cashier, resumed his jacket, was told to make a trifling purchase outside, for which he got the money, and, grabbing the tin box, departed for the safe deposit vault. As the door closed behind him, Desmond came around to the cashier and said:

"That was very neatly executed, don't you think?"

"Couldn't have been done better," replied Thacker, with a chuckle.

"You've got a great head, Thacker," said Desmond.

Were they referring to the recovery of the stock certificate by Tom? It might seem so, but, as a matter of fact, they were not. A very clever piece of sleight-of-hand had just been executed by Desmond behind Tom's back. The scheme, whatever it was, originated with the cashier, that is why the second bookkeeper told him that he had a great head. What was the scheme, and why had it been pulled off in a surreptitious way? The reader will learn in good time.

"Nothing succeeds like success, eh, Desmond?" grinned Thacker.

"That's right. It will certainly prove a great coup for us," returned the second bookkeeper. "I had my doubts that we could work it, for that boy is so infernally sharp that it's next door to impossible to fool him."

"But we fooled him this time," said Thacker, rubbing his hands together with a look of great satisfaction.

"Ssh!" warned Desmond.

"What's the matter?"

"Miss O'Neill is watching us through a crevice in her curtain."

"The dickens!" gasped Thacker. "We never thought about her."

"I did; but we couldn't send her out of the room, like you did Brag, on an errand. As she was hidden behind her curtain and busy at work, I didn't suppose there was one chance in a thousand that she would take any notice of us."

"I don't like the way she's taking us in. If she saw you change——"

"She couldn't have. I did it so quickly that she——"

"But suppose she did?"

"It would be rather awkward for us."

"What are you looking at, Miss O'Neill?" cried out the cashier.

"Sir!" replied the stenographer, rising and looking at him frigidly over the top of her curtain.

"I ask you why you are looking at us so intently?"

"Did you notice me looking at you?"

"I did. I suppose you thought we were not attending as strictly to business as we ought to?"

Such a remark was a rather odd one, coming from the boss of the counting room, and Thacker wouldn't have uttered it had he thought before he opened his mouth; but he was a bit rattled over the possibility that the stenographer had seen what was not intended for her eyes.

"I had no thoughts about the matter, Mr. Thacker. I do not regard it as my business to keep tab on what you do or don't do," she said cuttingly.

"I don't like the way she answered me," said the cashier, in a low tone, when he returned to his desk, to Desmond.

"You were foolish to speak to her. She doesn't like either of us."

"She never talked that way to me before. I'm afraid——"

"You never spoke to her that way before, to my knowledge. She didn't like it. There's Mr. Benson with his hat and coat on. He's going home," said Desmond.

"Will you be back again, Mr. Benson?" asked the cashier.

"No; I am going home," replied the broker. "Good-by."

As he passed out into the corridor Jack Brag came in, handed Thacker a note, and went to his desk. Shortly afterward, Tom returned and handed the article Thacker had asked him to buy through the window to that gentleman.

"Want me any longer?" he said, looking at the clock.

"No; you can go home."

Miss O'Neill heard Tom's voice and started to leave her den. Before she got halfway across the counting room Tom had disappeared through the door and was making for the elevators.

CHAPTER II.—What the Stenographer Says She Saw.

"Did you see that?" said Thacker to Desmond, who had turned to his desk.

"See what?" asked the second bookkeeper.

"Miss O'Neill left her den for the purpose of seeing Marshall, but he got out so quickly that she couldn't do it."

"I didn't take particular notice of the young lady's movements."

At five minutes to five Desmond and Brag brought their books and papers to have them put in the safe. Miss O'Neill was about to put the cover on her machine when Thacker stepped into her den with a paper.

"I wish you'd type that for me before you quit," he said suavely.

The girl looked annoyed.

"Won't it do in the morning?" she asked.

"Well—er—no. It won't take you but a few minutes," said Thacker.

As the young lady was directly under the orders of the cashier, there was nothing for her to do but follow his instructions. She did it grudgingly.

"Working overtime, Miss O'Neill?" said Jack Brag, looking in on her with his hat and coat on.

"Looks like it," she said abruptly. "Will you do me a favor, Jack?"

"Will I? A hundred, if necessary."

"Thank you. Remain in the counting room till I'm ready to go."

"Certainly. Do you wish me to escort you to the station?"

"No; but I've a particular reason why I should like you to stay."

"All right. Your will is law with me," said Jack.

While they were speaking Thacker was standing at his desk with his eye on the clock. Desmond came along, with his hat on and a package under his arm.

"What are you waiting for?" he asked.

"Never mind. You go on. I'll meet you to-night at your room."

"What are you keeping the girl for?"

"She's typing a paper that has got to go out by mail."

Desmond was going to say something else, but Thacker suddenly turned to the open safe, so he didn't say it, but passed on out of the office. Then Thacker walked over to the stenographer's den and saw Brag there.

"What are you waiting for? Why don't you go home?" he said roughly to Jack.

"I'm waiting for Miss O'Neill to finish up," returned the boy.

"What for?" said the cashier sharply.

"Because I asked him to, Mr. Thacker," said the girl coolly.

Thacker went back to his desk with a muttered imprecation.

"Blocked!" he hissed. "That girl knows all. What are we to do?"

He remained lost in thought till Miss O'Neill brought him the paper. Then she put on her hat and coat and left the office with Jack. Shortly afterward Thacker himself left. Tom Marshall was always the first to reach the office in the morning. He lived in Harlem with his parents, who were people in moderate circumstances, in a flat on a side street off Eighth avenue, near 125th street. His father was bookkeeper in a packing house, and as he did not receive a princely salary, Mrs. Marshall had to resort to the strictest economy to make ends meet, though Tom's wages were a great help to her. The first thing Tom did when he opened the door was to pick up the mail which had been left by the postman and place it on Mr. Benson's desk. On this particular morning Thacker and Desmond came together on the heels of Jack Brag.

The safe was opened, the books given out, and the cashier kept his eyes about waiting for the stenographer to show up. She did at the customary time. She held an envelope in her hand. She saw the cashier's eyes on her, and instead of approaching Tom, as she had intended, she merely said good morning to him and tossed the note

toward him. He opened the note and read the following:

"Dear Tom.—I fear there's something wrong going on in this office. I saw you bring a tin box into the counting room yesterday afternoon and set it down at the end of the cashier's desk while you went to fish out a paper or something behind the big safe. While your back was turned Mr. Desmond took the box and substituted another in its place that looked exactly like it. The thing was done so quickly that I hardly knew what to make of it. You took the substituted box and left the office with it. When you came back I started to leave the counting room to tell you about the matter, but your hasty departure prevented me. The whole thing looks so suspicious to me, and the cashier's actions afterward were so strange that I deem it my duty to call your attention to it.

"Yours,

DICKEY."

"Holy smoke!" ejaculated Tom, as he finished reading the note. "Dickey must be mistaken. Desmond wouldn't dare do such a thing. Besides, where would he have got a duplicate box with which to make the substitution? It was only by accident, I might call it, that I went into the counting room with the box containing the bonds, so Desmond could not have been looking for me to come there. To pull off such a job would require previous preparation. To suspect Desmond of such an act would be equivalent to considering him a thief. I can't say that I think much of the second bookkeeper, but my sentiments never led me to believe that he would commit a crooked act in our office. I am sure there must be some mistake, though Dickey isn't the girl to make mistakes. I'll go in and see her about it."

Tom walked into the counting room and started for the stenographer's den.

"I got your note," he said, "and its contents nearly knocked me silly. Are you sure that you really saw Desmond change the boxes?"

"Yes, I'm sure of it," she said decidedly.

"And he did it while I was engaged at the safe?"

"Yes."

"He must have had a duplicate box ready to do the trick, which would imply that he expected me to bring the other box into the counting room. Now, if Thacker hadn't asked me to come in here, as he wanted me to do something for him while I was out, I never would have been within Desmond's reach. How could he have executed the trick without the cashier seeing him do it?"

"The cashier saw him. The two are hand-in-glove in the affair. Have you any idea what was in the box that you brought in here and laid on Mr. Thacker's desk for a few minutes?"

"Yes, I know what was in it—\$50,000 worth of Hercules Iron & Steel Co.'s five per cent. bonds."

"Fifty thousand dollars' worth!" she exclaimed.

"Exactly. The bonds are the property of Mr. Benson's wards, John and Mattie Field. They'll get the bonds when they come of age in a short time."

"They won't get them if Mr. Thacker and Mr. Desmond have got them in their possession."

"Well, your story can be easily proved for all

Mr. Benson has to do will be to go to the safe deposit vault and open the box I took there. If the bonds are not in it, it seems to me that Desmond will find himself in trouble. As for Thacker, it will probably be difficult to connect him with the theft unless you can prove that he saw the second bookkeeper change the boxes and did not attempt to stop him," said Tom.

"Whether I can connect him with the matter or not, I am certain that he was a party to it," said the girl, in a tone of conviction.

CHAPTER III.—The Missing Bonds.

The cashier had watched Tom go into the stenographer's den, and from the time he spent there he judged that if the girl knew anything about their game she had told it to the office boy. He had been tempted to interrupt them, as he could easily have done, but that would merely be putting the matter off. Miss O'Neill, if she had a story to tell, was bound to find a chance to tell it in spite of anything he could do, so he decided to let matters take their course.

The less interest he showed in the case, the better it would be for him in case trouble resulted. He figured that the explanation would be up to Desmond, and that individual had already arranged his defensive course of action in case matters reached a crisis. Thacker finally sent Tom to the Exchange with a note for Mr. Benson. The boy delivered it, and then said:

"I have a matter of importance I wish to call to your attention, Mr. Benson."

"What is it, Tom?" said the old broker.

"You will find it set forth in this note which Miss O'Neill handed to me when she came in this morning. Read it when you get the chance. I have seen her about it, because it seems a most extraordinary matter, hardly believable, and she told me that she is ready to repeat all the facts to you whenever called upon. That's all I need say, sir, except that I know nothing whatever about the incident on which she bases her charge against Mr. Desmond, and asserts that Mr. Thacker is in with the second bookkeeper in the game," said the boy, leaving the stenographer's note in the surprised broker's hands and returning to the office.

Fifteen minutes afterward the old broker came in and called Tom into his private room. The old man looked nervous and perturbed.

"What do you think about that note you handed me, Tom?" he asked.

"I don't know what to think about it. It staggered me when I read it. As soon as I found a chance, I had a talk with Miss O'Neill, and, as I told you in the Exchange, she asserts that the facts as she wrote them are true," replied the boy.

Mr. Benson pushed a button, which summoned the stenographer.

"You wrote that note to Tom," he said, holding it up when she appeared.

"Yes, sir," replied Dickey.

"Please tell me just what you saw yesterday afternoon that you regarded as suspicious."

The girl told her story in a few words.

"You are positive that you saw Mr. Desmond change the tin boxes?"

"I am sure of it."

"Was I in my room at the time?"

"I think you were, sir."

"Then you should have come in and told me."

"You came out of your office and went home before I had decided what to do."

"Come with me to the safe deposit vault," he said to Tom. "I will go out by the private entrance and you had better go by the other door."

Within fifteen minutes they were at the vaults and the broker asked for his box. When it was brought to him he took it into a small private room and inserted the key. The key did not fit and he could not open it.

"That seems to prove Miss O'Neill's story," he said, with a sigh. "We will take the box to the office and break it open."

"I had better go in the regular way, hadn't I?" said Tom, when they got out of the elevator. "You can ring for me."

"Perhaps you had better," said the broker, in a solemn tone.

So Tom walked in by the public entrance. Thacker looked up and saw him.

"Where have you been?" he asked sharply.

"Out on business," replied Tom, as he went to his seat.

Presently his bell buzzed and he went into the private room.

"You'll have to borrow some tools from the janitor to open this box," said his employer.

"I think there's a chisel in the closet that will do the business," answered the boy.

He found the chisel, jabbed it into the crevice under the cover at the lock, drove it in with a book and twisted it with all his strength. The lock snapped and the cover flew open. Inside was a bundle of folded newspapers of recent date. The bonds were missing. Mr. Benson stared at the contents of the box, and he seemed to age several years as he realized the crooked trick which had been pulled off on him. Tom unloosened the string which held the sections of newspapers together and looked at them, one by one.

On one of them was written, "Phil Desmond." Without a word, he showed it to the broker. The old man sighed again and said nothing. It was a great shock to him to find that an employee of his, perhaps two, had proved unfaithful in his service. Tom found nothing else, and retied the papers. The boy wondered what course Mr. Benson would take. The most important, in his mind, was the recovery of the missing bonds.

"I don't know what you propose to do, sir, but I should like to make a suggestion," he said.

"I will listen to you."

"You will, of course, take the usual course adopted where securities are missed or stolen—publish at the Exchange and elsewhere the name and numbers of the bonds belonging to your wards. You will also notify the secretary of the Hercules Company without delay that the bonds are missing, so that if he should hear from them he will see that your interests are protected."

Mr. Benson nodded.

"Now, the suggestion I will make is this: Keep the matter quiet. Do not call Desmond in here, confront him with Miss O'Neill, and demand an explanation. It would do no good, and probably

make the job of getting back those bonds much more difficult. Just let him and Mr. Thacker rest under the impression that the discovery of their crooked business has not been made. That will make them feel easy and they will be less guarded in their movements. Go to Headquarters on your way home this afternoon, place the matter before the police, tell them the evidence against Desmond and your suspicion that Thacker is in with him on the job and have a detective work on the case quietly. He ought to be able to reach results."

"Your suggestion is an excellent one, Tom," said the old man, brightening up a bit, "and I will follow it. You have a smart head on your young shoulders. I shall not forget you."

"I will go out by your private door now, and come in by the main entrance, as if I had been sent on an errand, so that Mr. Thacker will not know I've been so long with you here. Put the tin box out of sight."

Accordingly, Tom left the private office that way. Hardly had the door closed behind Tom than Thacker knocked at the other door and, being told to come in, entered. He had been on pins and needles during the time Tom had been closeted with Mr. Benson, and he finally invented an excuse to come in and see if he could tell from the action of the broker and the boy what they had been consulting about. He was surprised to find that Tom was not there. Mr. Benson, too, seemed to be calmly transacting his affairs. He asked his questions and retired. As far as he could see, nothing unusual appeared to be on the tapis, and he breathed a little easier.

CHAPTER IV.—Tom's Lucky Deal.

Nothing happened that day to show Thacker and Desmond that their crooked work had been discovered, and they gradually recovered their serenity.

"Miss O'Neill didn't see anything, after all," said the second bookkeeper, coming over to the cashier's desk.

"Or else she's keeping the knowledge to herself, as some people will to avoid trouble to themselves," said Thacker.

The two rascals shook hands over the looks of things, and when five o'clock came they left the office together. When Tom carried the day's receipts to the bank he went down to the Bowling Green Building and delivered a letter from Mr. Benson to the secretary of the Hercules Iron & Steel Co. The old broker left for home at a quarter-past three, saying "Good afternoon" as usual to Thacker. He stopped at Police Headquarters and had an interview with the chief of the detective bureau. After hearing the facts, the chief said he would put one of his smartest men on the case, and commended the broker for keeping the matter quiet at his office.

That's the way affairs stood when the office was closed for the day. Next morning Tom saw something more about Consolidated Gas in the paper, and he decided to buy 50 shares of it on margin and trust to luck. Miss O'Neill came in at nine sharp that morning. Two minutes later Desmond came in, and five minutes afterward

Thacker made his appearance, and work was soon in full swing in the office.

Tom was presently sent on his first errand, and when he got back Mr. Benson was in his room. During the day Tom made his deal in Consolidated Gas at the little bank on Nassau street, and he didn't put it through any too soon, for the stock took a jump of three points that day.

Thacker and Desmond, feeling pretty secure by this time, were in a chipper frame of mind. They were now satisfied that the game had been worked without discovery, and Desmond, in particular, felt he had nothing to fear. At that moment the bonds reposed in a small desk at Thacker's house. The following day was Friday, and Consolidated Gas went up four points more.

Tom believed that it wouldn't go much, if any, higher, so on his way home he left his order at the little bank to sell his fifty shares first thing next morning. The bank carried out his instructions, and the boy cleared a profit of \$500. He had now acquired his first \$1,000, and \$100 more. His luck was also in the ascendant. The speculation bug buzzed louder than ever in his bonnet. A week passed and the police appeared to have made no progress in the missing bonds case.

About this time Tom learned that a syndicate had been formed to corner and boom H. & L. shares, and when he had satisfied himself that the risk was a safe one, he went to the little bank on Nassau street and bought 100 shares of the stock on margin, at the market price of \$2. A week later it was up to 95 and strong at that figure. He and Mr. Benson held several talks about the missing bonds, and Tom was not quite sure that it was right to let the matter drag, though he admitted that if Thacker's flat and Desmond's room were searched, and the bonds were not discovered at either place, the result would be somewhat embarrassing to Mr. Benson, and it would show the two rascals that their employer was wise to the crime.

Besides, Mr. Benson could hardly resort to such a method without first accusing both men of the theft, and there wasn't a particle of evidence to connect the cashier with the matter. Under such circumstances, the broker could not consistently retain their services in his office, but whether he discharged them or not, they would doubtless resign, and then he could not keep the tab on them he was able to do now.

After Tom had thought the matter out, he came to the conclusion that the dilatory method of the broker was the best as the case stood. Another week elapsed and H. & L. mounted to 102. The outside public began buying the stock freely on margin, and that helped to stiffen and advance the price still more. Tom watched it whenever he could get a chance to see the ticker, or look at the blackboard at the Exchange. The customers who patronized the office were attracted to it and many orders were given in to the cashier. These Tom carried over to Mr. Benson at the Exchange to be executed. As Tom was going out on one of these errands, Jack Brag took him aside.

"Will you do me a favor, Tom?" he asked.

"Sure I will. What do you want me to do?"

"You know that H. & L. is going up?"

"Everybody in Wall Street knows that, or ought to."

"Well, I bought fifty shares of it two weeks ago when it was low. It is now up to 103. I want you to take this note up to the little bank on Nassau street for me. It's an order for the sale of my shares."

"I didn't know you speculated in stocks."

"This is the first deal I've engaged in for a year."

"Then you struck a good one. What did you pay for the stock?"

"Ninety-two."

"That's what I paid for mine."

"What! Are you speculating, too?"

"Once in a while on the quiet."

"How many shares have you—ten?"

"More than that."

"Twenty, then."

"Five times that number."

"You don't mean you have a hundred?"

"Yes."

"You had to put up \$1,000 margin."

"Of course."

"I didn't know you were worth so much money."

"Well, you know it now, plus my profit on this deal in sight, which so far is \$1,200."

"Are you going to hold on for a higher price?"

"I am. You'd better do so, too."

"It's too much of a risk. Take my advice and sell with me. A bird in the hand, you know, is worth two dozen in the bush."

"I'm working on a tip that it will go to 105 at least."

"Your tip may be all right, but I wouldn't bank too much on it."

"It's proved to be all right so far. I bought the stock on the strength of it."

"Well, you can do as you please with your deal, but I'm going to cash in."

"All right. I'll take your order to the little bank and turn it in."

"Thanks. I'll do as much for you if I get the chance," said Jack, returning to the counting room.

Tom went to the Exchange first and handed in his note to Mr. Benson. The blackboard noted that H. & L. was up to 83 1-2 then. Mr. Benson told him to wait a few minutes, and then handed him a note to take to a customer in the Astor Building. After he had delivered that, he went to the little bank and the blackboard there showed that H. & L. was up to 104. He turned in Jack's order and waited a few minutes, watching the board. H. & L. kept advancing at every quotation. He concluded to wait to see if it would go to 105. It did, and then jumped to 105 3-8.

"I guess I'll sell now, for I may not get such a good chance again to-day. I don't believe it will go a great deal higher, and, as Jack said, a bird in the hand is worth a whole bunch in the bush."

So he gave in his own order and figured up his profit at \$1,300.

CHAPTER V.—The Pocketbook That Came Into Tom's Hands.

The H. & L. boom exploded in a day or two, but only those who held on for the last dollar were seriously bitten. It dropped rapidly to 99, and then slowly after that, sometimes going up

a point again, which gave every one a chance to sell out. Hardly had the rise become a thing of the past when another boom started in Texas Southern. Tom noticed it going up, and on the spur of the moment bought 200 shares. He got it at 85, after it had advanced five points. As he had no tip to depend on this time, he was a little doubtful about holding on after it reached 90. He spoke to Brag about it.

"What! Are you in on another deal so quick again?"

"I am."

"First thing you know you'll lose all your money."

"I hope not."

"All speculators hope not, but that doesn't prevent them seeing their finish when they aren't expecting it."

"Never mind that. What do you think I'd better do? Sell or hold on?"

"I would advise you to sell on a five-point advance. You have 200 shares. That will give you \$1,000 profit. Remember what I said about a bird in the hand."

"I guess your advice is good. When I go out again I'll sell. That \$1,000 looks good—too good to run the risk of losing it," said Tom.

An hour later he reached the little bank and sold out at 96 and a fraction. That gave him a profit of \$1,200.

"A month or so ago I only had \$600, now I have \$3,000," thought Tom, when he collected his money next day. "It took me a long time to make the \$600, but the rest of it has come my way quickly. If things keep on, I'll make the \$25,000 I'm after. If my father and mother knew I was worth 3,600, they'd open their eyes pretty widely, but that isn't half the surprise I hope to treat them to. I mean to buy a house one of these days and present it to my mother, and then we won't have to pay rent in a flat. That will make things easier for my father. If he should ever lose his job, he won't have to worry then."

Texas Southern was still going up, but Tom didn't regret having sold, for it was impossible to say when it would start the other way and drop like a hot pancake. All this time Thacker and Desmond were working away in the office as if they were the most virtuous men in the world. The cashier had the bonds stowed away in a box in the cellar. Desmond was getting eager to have them sold, as his sporty blood called for more money than he earned at the office; but Thacker told him to curb his impatience.

"I'll have a grandmother, or aunt, or somebody die soon in a country village in Massachusetts, and then I'll ask for a few days' leave of absence to attend the funeral," he said. "That will give me the chance to sell the bonds in Boston—see?"

"You'd better rush the death in your family, for it's a month since we pinched the bonds—"

"You mean since you pinched them," corrected Thacker.

"It's all the same. The idea was yours, but I took all the risk."

"Well, you are younger and sprier than me. I don't think you took much of a risk. However, it doesn't matter whether you did or not, you were not caught. I made the way clear for you. My brains and your energy make an ideal combination."

"All right. But as I'm getting deeper in debt every day, I'd like to handle some of that \$25,000 that's coming my way."

"You'll handle it, all right, don't fear. The longer I keep you out of it, the longer you'll have it in sight. When you finally get hold of it, you're likely to go through it at a lively rate."

"You needn't worry about what I do with my \$25,000. You look after your own."

"I intend to. I shall resign this summer and take my wife and daughter to Europe for an extended tour."

While the two rascals were talking together, Tom was standing in the stenographer's den and was whispering about the same subject. Dickey wanted to know if anything had been heard from the missing bonds, and Tom was obliged to admit that they were still missing.

"Maybe they've been sold," said the girl.

"No. Mr. Benson would have heard about it if they had."

"Can't he get the bonds duplicated by the company on the ground that they're missing?"

Tom shook his head. At that moment his bell rang and he went into the private room. Mr. Benson had an errand for him to execute. On his way back a messenger he knew, named Bob Brown, stopped him on the street.

"Say, you speculate, don't you?" said Bob.

"Who told you I did?" asked Tom, who was in the habit of keeping his business to himself, as a rule.

"I saw you in the little bank on Nassau street the other day. I was in there at the time and piped you off going to the margin clerk's window."

"I went to turn in an order for a friend."

"Is that all? I thought you were in on a deal."

"Why do you ask, anyway?"

"I've got a tip, and I'd like to sell it to somebody."

"What's the tip?"

"Do you want to buy it? It's a good one."

"I never buy anything in the dark. You'll have to tell me what it is before I consider the matter."

"Will you do the right thing if you use it?"

"I will."

"A big corner is on the tapis in W. & G."

"How did you find that out?"

"I was in the boss's room getting a letter for him out of the cabinet, when an operator came in and they got talking about the corner. My boss has been engaged to do the buying."

"Tell me all the facts."

Bob Brown did so, and Tom thought well of the pointer.

"What do you want for the tip?"

"Fifty dollars."

"I'll give it to you if I win out."

"It's a bargain. Shake hands on it."

They did, and separated. Next morning Tom bought 300 shares of W. & G. at 78. Soon afterward he went to Jack Brag's desk.

"One hundred bones buys a gilt-edged tip. What do you say?"

Jack wanted to know all about the tip and Tom told him.

"I'm on," he said. "I'll fetch \$1,000 down to-

morrow and you can buy me 100 shares. When I cash in you'll get the hundred."

"Enough said," replied Tom, walking away.

Next morning Brag handed him the money and he bought the stock in Brag's name. Tom was passing the Exchange that morning on his return from an errand just as a bunch of brokers came out. The gentlemen were talking and laughing together, and one of them had a fat wallet in his hand he was in the act of returning to his pocket. At that moment a tan-colored dog came tearing down the street. Three messenger boys coming out of the Exchange saw him, and with one accord, they began yelling, "Mad dog!" "Look out!" "Run for your life!"

They took to their heels and ran across the street. The brokers, startled by the cry, took the warning in good faith when they saw the dog, and they made a break across the street instead of running into the Exchange, which showed they were rattled. Tom happened to be in their path and they bowled him over like a nine-pin, one stout trader sprawling all over him. The alarm was groundless, but Tom appeared to have got the worst of it, for he had been trampled on and considerably mussed up. When he started to get up he was surprised to find a pocketbook lying in his lap. He opened it and found it stuffed with money.

"My gracious! I wonder who lost this? Must have been one of those brokers who walked all over me. Well, I'll look it over when I get to the office."

He slipped it in his pocket, brushed himself off as well as he could, and resumed his way up the street. As soon as Tom reported his arrival to the cashier, he sat down, took out the wallet and began an examination of it with the view of finding the owner. He counted the money first and found there was \$3,500 in large bills.

"That's a find and a half," he said. "Some people wouldn't try to find the owner of so much money as that. They'd hang on to it. I haven't reached that stage of moral tergiversation, as the newspapers call it, as yet. My conscience would not permit me to appropriate what does not belong to me if there was a possibility of locating the owner."

The wallet, however, failed to produce the necessary clue. It contained various financial clippings and other articles, but no name or even an address without a name.

"It belongs to some broker, however, and the best way to get a line on the owner will be to post a notice up in the ante-room of the Exchange."

Tom went to the stenographer's den.

"See what I found, Dickey," he said.

"A pocketbook?" she exclaimed.

"That's what it looks like, and it's full of money—over \$3,000."

"My gracious! Who does it belong to?"

"I couldn't tell you, for I don't know."

He told her how it came into his possession.

"What are you going to do with the wallet?"

"I want to dictate a notice for you to type for me on one of the boss's letter heads. I'll put it up in the Exchange, and the loser then will have the chance to prove property and reclaim it."

"Very well. Wait till I put a sheet on the machine."

When she was ready, Tom dictated the following:

"Found, Under Strenuous Circumstances—A pocketbook, in front of the Exchange. The owner, who is suspected to be a broker, can have the same back on proving how much money and what other articles were in it by calling at the office of Noel Benson and asking for Tom Marshall."

"That will do nicely," said Tom, taking it. "Thanks, Dickey. If I had a gumdrop, I'd give it to you."

"A gumdrop, indeed! It's worth more than one, don't you think?"

"How would a kiss do? Girls like them better than gumdrops, don't they?"

"I like your impudence!" blushed the stenographer.

CHAPTER VI.—Alpha Mining Stock.

The next time Tom was sent to the Exchange he posted up the notice, and it was immediately surrounded by a bunch of brokers. About half-past three that afternoon a stout gentleman entered Benson's office and inquired for Tom.

"That's my name," said the office boy.

"I came about a pocketbook I lost in front of the Exchange to-day. You posted a notice in the Exchange to the effect that the owner of a pocketbook found under strenuous circumstances should apply to you. By strenuous circumstances I suppose you refer to the mad-dog score?"

"Yes. A bunch of brokers, of which I suppose you were one, knocked me down and walked all over me in the excitement. When I got up I found the pocketbook in my lap. How much money was in it?"

The visitor mentioned the amount, and also described other articles that were in the wallet.

"The pocketbook is yours, sir. Here it is," said Tom, handing it to him.

"Thank you. I'm bound to say you're an honest boy. You might easily have kept that money and nobody have been the wiser. You are certainly entitled to some evidence of my appreciation. I never expected to see the wallet or the money again. Here are five \$100 bills. Accept them with my compliments."

"It isn't necessary for you to present me with all that money, sir," said Tom.

"Well, I'm going to do it, just the same. Take it."

"I think one of those bills would be enough."

"Not at all. If most anybody else had found the pocketbook, that would have been the end of it as far as I was concerned. You did not even take advantage of the fact that the wallet contained no evidence of ownership, but made an effort to find the owner. I consider \$500 little enough to give you in recognition of your honesty."

The broker, who said his name was John Blakie, then shook hands with Tom and went away, well satisfied to get his wallet back. Tom was also well satisfied, for he regarded himself as worth \$4,000 now, though \$3,000 of it was up on margin

on W. & G. stock. He had bought it, as we have said, at 78, and two days later the price slumped to 75. After recovering to 76 1-2, it dropped to 73. Then it went up to 74 and fell back to 72.

That was the lowest point it hit, and after that it began slowly going up, and eight days after Tom had got in on it the stock was back to 78 again. After hugging that figure for a day, it rose to 79, then 80, where it began to attract some attention in the Exchange, and many deals were made in it. After fluctuating for a day, it made a jump to 83, and there was a rush of outside speculators to buy it. In consequence of the demand it ran up to 90, and it had all the earmarks of a new boom. When it reached 95 Tom considered it top-heavy and sold out, at the same time disposing of Brag's 100 shares. When he collected the money, Jack handed him the promised \$100.

That afternoon Tom was sent over to Jersey City with a note to a broker over in that burg. A tall, lanky man, with a sunburned countenance and a sort of cowboy hat, came on the boat just ahead of Tom. His gait was so unsteady that the boy judged he had been drinking too much. He took possession of a seat, looked around with fishy eyes, and then fell asleep. Tom noticed that a package he carried with him had slipped out of his hand and lay beside him on the seat. Tom wasn't the only person who had noticed the man. A dapper young fellow was watching him intently. This party got up after the boat was under way and went forward. In a short time he came back, but instead of resuming his former seat, he took the vacant space beside the stranger. Tom thought that odd on his part and began to suspect that he had designs on the sleeping man.

He sat pretty quiet, however, and did not go any nearer the bronzed man. When the boat ran into her slip the passengers began to leave, but the dapper-looking man didn't move. Tom concluded not to move, either. When most of the people were off the boat, the dapper man slid his hand forward on the seat, took hold of the stranger's package, shoved it under his arm and got up to go. Tom was on to him, and followed him. As he stepped off the boat, the Wall Street boy tapped him on the shoulder. Instead of turning around, as Tom expected him to do, the fellow suddenly started on a run and waved his arm at the conductor of a car just starting. Tom ran after him and caught him just as he was getting on the car.

"What do you want?" he said, with a snarl, seeing that it was only a boy who had grasped him by the arm.

"I want that package you took from the man in the ferryboat."

"You're dreaming," he replied. "Let go of me. I want to get on this car."

"You won't get on that car till you ante up that package," said Tom, holding him firmly.

"Confound you, you young monkey!" roared the fellow, striking at him with his left arm.

Tom dodged and tripped him up as the car started on its way. In the scuffle that ensued the package fell to the ground. Tom picked it up and started back for the boat. The dapper young man did not deem it wise to follow him, but, muttering an imprecation, proceeded up the street.

Tom looked for the bronzed stranger, but failed to see him anywhere near the ferry. He inquired of an official, but the man did not remember seeing any one like him.

After wasting a good ten minutes, Tom proceeded to his destination and delivered the note he brought over. While waiting for an answer, he opened the bundle and found that it contained a bunch of mining stock certificates, each good for 100 shares in the Alpha Mining Co., of Paradise, Nevada. Tom counted the certificates and found there were fifty. They were all made out in the name of Ralph Putnam. Tom tied the bundle up again and as soon as he got the answer to his note he made a bee-line for the ferry.

When he got back to his office, Mr. Benson had gone home. He looked up Alpha mining stock and could not find any record of recent sales of it. He put the package on a shelf in the closet and wrote his name on it. Before he went home he went to a Curb broker's office and made inquiries about the stock. He learned that it had no market value, as the mine had been regarded as a dead one for a year or more. That satisfied him that the woolly-looking man had not suffered much of a loss. He showed the package to Mr. Benson and told him how he got hold of it. The old broker smiled.

"That stock isn't worth the paper it's printed on," he said. "I remember reading in a mining paper about a year ago that the mine was a failure, though at one time great things were expected of it. There's a lot of it lying around East here, for it was originally advertised as a coming wonder, and thousands of shares were sold to the public at ten cents. Nothing ever came of it, however. I guess it was a kind of wildcat scheme to fool the people."

That afternoon Tom took the package home and after supper he looked the certificates over again. Out of the bunch dropped a letter minus an envelope. He picked it up and read it. It was addressed to "Dear Jack," bore a recent date and was written at Paradise by a person who signed himself, "Yours as ever, Jim." The contents surprised and interested the Wall Street boy. It conveyed the intimation that a rich lode of silver ore had just been found in the Alpha mine by the writer, while quietly prospecting the abandoned tunnel. He had covered the find up carefully and was now negotiating for the purchase of the property from the original owners.

He expected to get it for a song, and also most of the stock that had been sold around Goldfield, in Denver and other places, a record of which he had copied from the company's stock book, together with all that had been sold in the East.

"Here's a chance for you to get in with me on a good thing, Jack. Start East at once and buy up every share of the stock you can find. I enclose a list of the names and addresses of the principal stockholders. Hundreds of persons bought 500 and 1,000 share lots, and the names of these I will send you later when I find time to copy them. You can begin with the inclosed list, and by the time you have used it up you will hear from me again. Be sure and send me your address in New York as soon as you get there so that I can reach you by mail," said the writer.

On the opposite side of the sheet was a list of

names and addresses of people who were on record as purchasers of Alpha stock, with the number of shares against their names. Tom read the letter over a second time, satisfied himself that the date was less than thirty days old, and came to the conclusion that he had accidentally got hold of a good pointer. He copied the list for his own use and wrapped the package up again. He found that the name of Ralph Putnam appeared on the list as the holder of 5,000 shares, so it was clear that "Jack," who was evidently the man who had lost the package, had bought the Putnam holdings and probably was on the way to one of the addresses in Jersey City to garner in more of the certificates when Tom saw him.

"I'll return this package to the owner if I ever find trace of him," said Tom, to himself. "There is no reason that I see why I shouldn't make use of the information contained in the letter. Alpha stock can doubtless be bought for next to nothing, and if ore has really been found in the mine, as the letter says it has, the shares will be worth having."

Accordingly, he began inquiries for the stock next day in Broad street. He approached various brokers at the Curb market who were not busy and asked them if they knew anybody who had any of the stock.

"Who wants it?" asked one trader, cocking up his ears.

"I want it. I'm collecting old certificates that have no market value."

"What are you going to do with them?"

"Establish a museum of antiques," grinned Tom.

"Well, I've got a lot of it in my office. Customers have been leaving and sending it there one time or another for sale. You can have as much as you want of it in 100-share lots for a cent a share."

"Say, you must think I want to soak good money into worthless paper. Why, there are several mines on the list—live mines—the stock of which can be bought for a cent a share. Alpha is dead stock. I'll give you ten cents a lot for all the certificates you've got. That's more than they're worth, anyway."

"That's a tenth of a cent a share."

"Suppose a man brought you 10,000 shares and offered to sell them to you at that price; would you give it to him?"

"No; I'm not buying that kind of stuff."

"Very good, then you'd better take up with my offer. How many certificates have you got?"

"I don't know how many. There is quite a bunch of them."

"I'll wager you don't keep them in your safe."

"You'd win. They're in my private closet. Well, if you want to take the lot, you can have them for \$25."

"I won't close with you till I see how many certificates you have."

"Come around to my office and you can count them."

Tom went around with him and found there were 200 certificates, representing 20,000 shares. He put up a deposit of \$5 on them, and said he would call for the bundle when he got through at his office and pay the balance due.

"All right," said the broker. "Here's a memo-

random which you can hand my cashier when you come, in case I'm not in."

Tom called at four o'clock, paid the \$20 balance, and took away the certificates.

CHAPTER VII.—The Man From the West.

Next day Tom bought 6,000 shares of Alpha from another broker for \$10. In the meantime, he wrote a letter to each of the persons on the list of shareholders, stating that if they had any Alpha certificates they wanted to sell for a cheap figure he'd give 25 cents for each certificate delivered at Mr. Benson's office. Late that afternoon, while Tom was out on an errand, a woman called at the office and, sticking her face in at the cashier's window, said she had brought 100 certificates of Alpha mining stock and was prepared to take a quarter apiece for them. This new and original way of offering to sell stock by the certificate instead of by the share rather staggered Thacker.

"Stock isn't bought or sold that way, ma'am," he said. "What did you say the name of the mine was?"

"Alpha."

Thacker looked at the list of active stocks dealt in on the Curb and failed to find Alpha among them. That told him that it had never been on the list, or had been removed from it—a fact that made the stock worthless in Wall Street, since no one was likely to buy what he couldn't sell if he wanted to.

"We can't do anything with your certificates, ma'am," he said.

"Why, the idea! After writing me a letter and offering me 25 cents for them, delivered here," she exclaimed indignantly.

"You say you got a letter from us making such an offer? You must be mistaken."

"Here's the letter, written on your letter-heading, and signed by Thomas Marshall."

"Thomas Marshall! Why, he's our office boy. I guess it's one of his jokes," reading Tom's note and seeing his signature.

"Jokes, indeed! I like that. I've come all the way by trolley from Roseville, New Jersey."

"You'd better take this letter in to Mr. Benson and complain to him of the trick," said the cashier, handing her back the letter.

"Where will I find him?" asked the woman, now real angry.

"Knock at that door yonder and walk in."

As the lady started to cross the waiting room Tom came in.

"You're a nice chap, aren't you!" said Thacker, when the boy reported his return.

"What's the matter?"

"Do you see that lady?"

"Yes."

"Ask her what's the matter."

"Who is she?"

"You go and speak to her and you'll find out."

Tom reached the lady just as she was about to knock on the door.

"Do you wish to see Mr. Benson?" he asked.

"I do," she said.

"May I ask your business, ma'am?"

"I've a complaint to make."

"About what, ma'am?"

"About a letter I received from a person named Thomas Marshall, who is connected with this office."

"I'm Thomas Marshall, ma'am. Let me see the letter."

"No, I won't let you see it. You'll tear it up after playing your trick on me."

"I didn't play any trick on you, ma'am. I don't know you."

"Well, you got my husband's name somehow. He's dead and I got the letter. I don't know how you knew he owned 10,000 shares of Alpha mining stock, but you wrote that you would pay 25 cents for each of the certificates. I thought your offer was genuine, and I brought the certificates over here from Roseville. Now I find that I was fooled by you. I think it's a shame, and I'm going to tell the broker about it."

"I suppose the gentleman at the window told you that the letter was a joke?"

"He did."

"Well, it isn't. The letter has nothing to do with the office, though written on our heading. I offered 25 cents apiece for the certificates held by a man in Roseville—William Ferris. I suppose he was your late husband?"

"He was."

"I'm ready to pay you the sum I stated."

"Is the stock worth something now?" she asked suddenly.

"No, ma'am. It's a dead stock. You couldn't sell it to anybody but me at any price if you tried every broker in Wall Street."

"Why do you want to buy it, then?" she asked suspiciously.

"Because I'm making a collection of all old certificates I can purchase very cheaply."

"What are you going to do with them?"

"I haven't decided yet. If my scheme shouldn't go through, I'll be out what I pay for the certificates, so you see I'm taking something of a risk."

"Well, before I let you have them I'd like to ask the broker whether the stock is worth anything. You might be trying to cheat me. My husband paid ten cents a share for that stock, though I told him at the time that he was foolish to put money in shares because they were praised up in the newspaper."

"It was certainly a bad investment your husband made. If you want to see Mr. Benson about the stock, I'll show you in. You'll find it's worth nothing."

Tom showed the visitor into the private room. She came out in a few minutes and said she'd take Tom's offer. The certificates were counted and then Tom handed her \$25, taking a receipt from her which specified that she sold him 10,000 shares of Alpha for \$25. The lady then departed. Next morning a man called at the office with fifty certificates of Alpha, and he brought another of Tom's letters. He showed it to the cashier, for the boy was out at the time. Thacker was surprised to see another application for 25 cents a share for Alpha certificates.

As he was on to the thing now, he told the man to sit down and wait till Thomas Marshall came in. When Tom appeared, the cashier pointed the man out to him and said, with a grin, that he had brought him fifty more Alpha certificates at the same price. Tom interviewed the caller

and bought the certificates for \$12.50. Another man called later with 4,000 shares, and Tom got them for \$10. Still later two more persons appeared—one with 3,000 and the other with 2,000 shares. Tom took them.

Next day he secured 10,000 more, paying \$25 for them. He had now acquired 60,000 shares at an outlay of \$120. Having exhausted his list, he put an advertisement in two daily papers, offering 25 cents each for Alpha certificates. He received a letter from a man signing himself John Dexter, Astor House, asking him to call. He went there at four o'clock, as soon as he was through for the day.

"Is Mr. Dexter in?" he asked the clerk.

The clerk looked at the key box and said he was in his room. He called up a bellboy and told him to show Tom to Room 164.

"Come in!" said a voice, when the bellboy tapped on the door.

The boy opened the door and Tom walked in. The occupant of the room was reading the afternoon paper, with his feet on the table in the center of the room. The moment Tom looked at the man he recognized him as the party who had lost the package of Alpha stock on the ferryboat.

"Are you Mr. John Dexter?" Tom asked.

"Yes," said the man.

"I received a letter from you in connection with my advertisement for Alpha certificates."

Dexter looked at him curiously.

"Then it was you who advertised for Alpha certificates?"

"Yes."

"What do you want with them?"

"Everybody who has the certificates for sale has asked me that question. They seem to wonder what use I can make of the stock of a dead mine. I don't see that it is really necessary for me to explain what I want to do with the certificates. I may want to cut the reading matter out and use the border in a scrapbook. It is quite a pretty border."

"I don't imagine you could afford to pay 25 cents apiece for those certificates in order to use the border. How many certificates have you bought?"

"Quite a number."

"One hundred?"

"I have more than that."

"Did you pay a quarter for all you have?"

"No; some of them I got cheaper."

"Look here, do you want to make a good profit on your scheme? I'll give you fifty cents apiece for all you have."

"What do you want with them?"

"That's my business."

"Each one I have calls for 100 shares of treasury stock."

"What do you care what they call for? The mine is a dead one."

"Yes, it's pretty dead from what the mining brokers say about it."

"They should know."

"They only know what they have heard and read about the mine."

"If the mine had any life in it it would be dealt in out West. It was taken off the Goldfield Exchange a year ago."

"Are you from Goldfield?"

"I've been there."

"Did you send for me to try and buy Alpha certificates?"

"I did."

"I didn't advertise that I was selling them."

"I know you didn't. I wanted to see and talk to you as to your reasons for wanting the certificates."

"In what way are you interested?"

"I am looking for the certificates myself."

"Have you found many?"

"Not half as many as I want."

"Well, Mr. Dexter, I'll be frank with you. I think I'm buying Alpha stock for the same reason you are."

"And what is my reason, young man?"

"You have been tipped off to the fact that a rich lode of silver has lately been discovered in the mine. If that is true, it will come to life again and the shares will be worth something more than they are going at now."

Tom's words rather staggered Dexter.

"Who put the idea in your head that silver ore had been found in the Alpha mine?"

"I got the idea from the same source you did."

"What do you mean?"

"Your friend Jim."

Dexter almost gasped at this.

"How did you get acquainted with Jim Brady?"

"I haven't the honor of his personal acquaintance."

"Then how the mischief——"

"Didn't you go to Jersey City last Monday?"

"Yes. How did you guess I did?"

"I saw you on the boat. You were rather hazy in your movements as if you had been drinking considerable. You fell asleep on the seat. You had a package with you which——"

"Disappeared rather mysteriously, young man. Did you take it? It strikes me you did, for it explains why you are looking for Alpha stock. You opened the package, found my friend Jim's letter in it, read the letter, and thus learned the knowledge that silver has been discovered in the mine. I shouldn't have taken you for a sneak-thief, but it appears you are one. You have my fifty Alpha certificates. You will give them up with my letter and agree to sell me every certificate you have acquired at fifty cents each, or I'll hand you over to the police and prosecute you as a thief. Do you understand?"

"I understand what you say, but the only thing I propose to do is to return you your package, as I got hold of it, which I should have done before if I had known where to find you," said Tom, rising.

"Sit down!" cried Dexter. "You don't leave this room till you agree to do all I demand of you!"

"You can't intimidate me, Mr. Dexter," said Tom resolutely. "I'm not a sneak-thief, but a Wall Street messenger boy, and I can explain how I came in possession of your package. If you attempt to stop me from leaving this room, I'll push that button and bring a bellboy here."

"You won't push any button till I'm through with you. Sit down!"

"No, sir, I won't sit down when addressed in that way."

"Won't you? I think you will. I'm a Western man and accustomed to being obeyed. Sit down, or I'll blow your roof off!"

Dexter put his hand to his hip, flashed out a revolver and covered Tom with it. The situation had become a bit strenuous.

CHAPTER VIII.—Alpha Comes Back to Life.

"Well, are you going to sit down now?" asked Dexter, after a brief pause.

"You see to forget that you're in New York City, Mr. Dexter," replied Tom. "You are liable to arrest and prosecution for drawing a gun on me. Put that revolver away and I'll sit down, otherwise I'll take a chance on you shooting at me."

"You're a cool chap," said the Westerner, laying his weapon on the table.

"Do you want to hear my story?" said the boy, reseating himself.

"What story?"

"Of how your package of bonds got into my possession."

"I can guess how. You saw I was asleep and half shot. You sat down on the same seat. When the boat reached Jersey City you gently relieved me of the package and left the boat."

"Wrong. I'll tell you how you lost the package."

Tom then told him how the dapper-looking chap had worked the game, how he followed the fellow and got it away from him. Tom's manner somewhat impressed the Westerner.

"Well, are you going to return those bonds to me?" he said.

"I intend to."

"Where are they?"

"In my room in the flat where I live with my parents."

"Whereabouts is that?"

Tom told him. Dexter was not very well acquainted with New York, but he knew that Harlem occupied the upper part of Manhattan Island.

"You say you work for a Wall Street broker?"

"Yes."

"If I go with you to your home you'll turn over the bonds?"

"I will."

"And the letter?"

"Of course. Whatever belongs to you you are entitled to get back."

"How many shares of the stock have you got hold of?"

"Sixty thousand shares."

"I'll pay you a cent a share for them. That ought to give you a good profit."

"No, sir; the stock is not for sale. The shares cost me so little that I can afford to hold on to them and see how the mine pans out."

"I'll double my offer."

"That's no inducement."

"I'll give you three cents."

"I wouldn't take ten cents, and that's as much as the stock originally sold for."

"Sell me half the stock at three cents."

"I'd rather not. The best I'll do, seeing that you're the source of my information, is 10,000 shares at five cents. That offer will hold until news is published about the mine."

"Well, young man, suppose we start for your

home? I'd like to recover those certificates," said Dexter.

"I'm ready to go when you are," replied the boy.

Accordingly they took a Sixth avenue train uptown, got out at 125th street, and Tom piloted the Westerner to the flat where he lived. When Dexter got his bonds he said:

"I'll take your 10,000 offer at five cents, and if you want to sell the rest at the same rate, I'll buy them."

Tom, however, would only part with the 10,000, and Dexter handed him \$500. He agreed to notify the Westerner if he heard of any more of the stock. He kept his word and succeeded in putting Dexter next to 10,000 shares inside of a week. About this time Tom noticed that A. & D. shares were advancing. He concluded to take a chance on the stock, so he bought 500 shares on margin, at 90. He held the stock for about a week and then sold at a 4 7-8 point advance. This deal netted him \$2,300 and made him worth \$12,000.

Shortly afterward the news of the discovery of silver ore in the Alpha mine was published in the Western mining journals and confirmed. Then the brokers who had sold what they had of it on hand felt like kicking themselves, since they had practically given the shares away. The customers who had left the stock with them months before to be sold at the best price obtainable, called to cancel their orders, only to find that the shares had been disposed of at a figure that didn't cover legitimate commissions.

Some pretty verbal scraps took place in consequence, but the brokers having got tired of carrying what they regarded as a dead stock, were well within their rights to get rid of it after having notified their customers to take it away, and they had failed to do so. The mine was re-listed on the Goldfield and other markets, and was sold at anywhere from fifteen to twenty cents a share. Tom estimated his 50,000 shares as worth \$8,000. At any rate, he could have sold it in small lots for that; therefore, he considered himself as worth every cent of \$20,000.

Now that he was within hailing distance of the \$25,000 he had set out to make, that amount did not seem so very large to him after all, and he raised his ante to \$50,000. Among Mr. Benson's customers was a little old lady of fifty, who always dressed in black. Although she had been fairly successful in her dealings with the market, she still wore the same suit that had graced her form when she originally connected herself with the office as a customer. She kept a boarding house somewhere in the Tenderloin, and had made money out of it, for she now had a double house, having rented the residence next door and connected the two by a doorway in the basement.

She and Tom were on very friendly terms, and he was always glad to see her make her appearance at the office. She had not been there since the missing bonds episode, and the boy wondered if she had given up speculating, for the last deal had done her out of about \$800. A day or two after the announcement in the papers that Alpha had turned up trumps, this lady, whose name was Mrs. Martha Gibbs, came walking in.

"Why, how do you do, Mrs. Gibbs!" said Tom,

shaking hands with her. "You haven't been here for so long that I thought maybe you had given us the shake."

"No, I've had so much trouble with servant girls, who left me as soon as I got them broken in, that I've had no time to come downtown," she replied. "Ah, servant girls nowadays are a great trial. You haven't any idea how hard it is to keep them. I've had six different chambermaids since I was here last."

"Are you looking for something to put your money up on? The market is rather quiet just now."

"No; I came down to sell some Alpha mining shares. I heard that the stock is worth something now."

"Alpha! I never heard you say you had any of that stock."

"It came into my possession about three months ago. I had an actor who was out of work boarding with me. He stood me up for six weeks' board, about \$50, and then disappeared, leaving his trunk behind. I levied on the trunk, but there was nothing in it but a dozen bricks and a bundle of Alpha mining stock, six thousand shares. I brought it down here one day when you were out and Mr. Benson told me it was worthless. I didn't throw it away, fortunately, for now I learn through the papers that it has acquired a value again, owing to the discovery of rich ore."

"Now that you have learned that it has a value, you want to sell it?" said Tom.

"Yes; I came down to see Mr. Benson about disposing of it for me. Is he in?"

"No; he's over at the Exchange."

"Then I suppose I'd better speak to the cashier."

"Wait a minute. You say you opened the actor's trunk about three months ago?"

"Yes."

"How long was the trunk in your possession before you opened it?"

"One year from the time the man left without paying what he owed me. The law says that hotel and boarding house keepers must hold property for a year before they can legally sell the articles in order to recover, if they can, what is due them."

"That's what I thought. I asked you the question to see if you had the right to sell the stock. You see, it's worth fifteen cents now, and may be worth a quarter later. If you sold the stock before the year was out, and the actor turned up and asked you to return it to him, offering you what he owed you, with interest, you'd have to pay him the difference between your debt and the value of the stock at the time he made his demand. If you sold it for fifteen cents and it was worth thirty cents when the actor turned up, you'd find yourself out and injured. As long as a year has elapsed I judge you are safe in selling it, but whether you are entitled to hold on to all the money is a question for a lawyer to decide."

"Do you think I'd better see a lawyer about it?"

"I would advise you to. You see, the stock is worth between \$900 and \$1,000, and the claim you have against the actor only amounts to \$50. If he turned up and demanded the difference between what he owed you and what you get for

the stock, and you refused to hand it over, the chances are he'd sue you. If the jury decided in his favor you'd be out the court charges in addition to the amount he sued for, and they would eat up the whole of his debt, so you'd better go slow. As I feel sure the stock will advance in value inside of the next three or six months, I would advise you to hold on to it anyway. If the actor never turns up you'll be so much more the gainer," said Tom.

Mrs. Gibbs thought Tom's advice good, and decided to adopt it.

"I'll hold the stock for a while and see if it goes up. If it does, and I can safely sell it, I'll make you a present," she said.

"Thank you, ma'am. Small favors are always thankfully received," laughed Tom.

The boarding house lady then took her departure.

CHAPTER IX.—Tom Treats His Parents to a Surprise.

A few days after that Tom heard Desmond say to Thacker:

"Well, when is that grandmother of yours going to die? I think we've waited long enough. People are dunning me every day for what I owe them. I've been banking on my share to square up and have a real spanking good time."

"I expect to ask for a few days' vacation a couple of days before Decoration Day. I have a friend in Boston who will——"

That was all Tom heard, but it gave him the idea that the cashier intended to dispose of the bonds in Boston. He told Mr. Benson what he had overheard.

"If he tries to sell the bonds in Boston he will surely be arrested," said the broker. "I shall notify every brokerage house in the city to be on the lookout for them."

Tom returned to his post, satisfied that the missing bonds would soon turn up. Next day he overheard some brokers talking about L. & M. stock.

"I've got it straight from good authority that it will go up five points in the next six days," said one. "I've bought 5,000 shares on the strength of it."

"Then I guess I'll run the risk on a thousand or two," said the other.

"I'll get in on it, too," said the third.

A fourth broker joining them at that moment, they dropped the subject. Tom thought over what he had heard and decided to buy L. & M. also. Before three he found a chance to go to the little bank, and he put in his order for 1,000 shares, putting up \$10,000 on margin. It was a mighty big risk for him to take, but he thought he had a good thing, and he had the courage of his convictions. He told Jack Brag about the pointer, but that young man shook his head.

"I'm a few thousand ahead of the game," he said, "and I want to stay so. If you're going to tackle it, I wish you luck; but I don't care to invest."

"All right," said Tom. "I thought I'd tell you about it."

"I'm much obliged to you. I hope you don't get caught."

Tom paid 92 for the stock, and three days afterward it was up to 94. Then it broke to 93, but recovered and went to 94 1-2. It closed at that figure. Next day was Saturday and it went up half a point more. On Monday it rose to 96 3-8. Tom decided to be on the safe side and not wait for the five points, so he ordered his shares sold. L. & M. went up five and a half points altogether and then fell back again. About this time 20 cents was offered on the Curb for Alpha stock. Tom heard that it was going at that price.

"That makes my 50,000 shares worth \$10,000," he said to himself. "As I have \$16,000 cash, I've reached \$25,000 at last. I wonder if I hadn't better break the news to my folks now? It will be as much of a surprise to them as if I were worth \$50,000. I guess I will."

He took \$1,000 home with him, which he intended to present to his mother. A surprise awaited him at supper which would have been unpleasant under other circumstances. His father came in that evening, looking very gloomy. He sat down and read his paper in silence, which was unusual with him. Mrs. Marshall did not take particular notice of her husband's solemn demeanor, as she was busy getting supper. Finally it was placed on the table and she called Tom and his father to it. Tom bubbled over with good humor, and cracked several jokes, but they made no impression on his father.

"What's the matter, pop?" he said. "You look as solemn as an owl. Did anything go wrong at the office to-day?"

"Yes, I'm sorry to say," replied Marshall, Senior, in a way that at once attracted his wife's attention.

"What happened, Edward?" she asked.

"I'll tell you after supper," he said.

Mrs. Marshall knew from that it must be something very serious. She made no remark, and the meal proceeded to its conclusion. Tom was getting ready to spring his surprise when his father said:

"I got a notice to-day that my services will not be required at the packing house after the first."

"Edward!" exclaimed Mrs. Marshall, with a blank look, while Tom gasped.

"The manager told me that he has a nephew he has to provide for. The young man is about to lose his position downtown, and so his uncle is going to put him in my place. He was sorry, but I could refer to him when applying for a position elsewhere. That's the way he let me down, and it was rather a jolt at the best."

Mrs. Marshall looked distressed.

"Don't you worry, pop," said Tom. "I anticipate that there will be a couple of vacancies in our office shortly, after the first. In that case I'll see that you get one of them."

"Is that so?" said his father, with a look of interest. "I should like to work in Wall Street first rate."

"I'd like to have you in the office. I want you to learn the business for perhaps I'll get to be a broker some day, and then you can work for me."

Mrs. Marshall smiled a little at what she considered a remote possibility.

"You really have an idea there will be an open-

ing at your office?" said his father earnestly. "One of the bookkeepers is going to leave, eh?"

"Yes, I think he'll leave, all right," said Tom drily. "Both of them ought to have left long ago."

"Why?"

"For reasons which I cannot tell just now. But whether you get a job at our office or not, the loss of your packing house position wouldn't hurt you any."

"I am surprised to hear you say that. Don't you know that your mother depends on my wages to pay the rent and the most important bills?"

"Yes. And you think the loss of your wages for a month or two would put us in a hole?"

"I don't think anything about it. I know it would. We couldn't remain in this flat."

"Where would you go?"

"We would have to go to some cheaper place."

"This isn't a very expensive flat, as flats run."

"I'm afraid we'd have to remove to a cheap tenement."

"I'm not afraid of any such thing. I've been thinking that it is time we moved to a better flat—say one on Seventh avenue. They don't call them flats, but apartments; but they're flats, just the same, only a bit more tony."

Mr. Marshall pushed back his chair and started to get up.

"Wait a moment, pop. I want you to witness a presentation. I am about to hand mother \$1,000 to do with as she thinks best. Observe, please."

Thereupon Tom produced ten \$100 bills from his pocket and laid them beside his mother's tea cup.

"What is this?" she exclaimed, in surprise.

"One thousand dollars," said Tom.

His mother picked the roll up mechanically and opened it. The first bill she saw was a \$100 one.

"Where did you get all this money from, Tom? Does it belong to the office?"

"No; it belongs to you."

"To me!" she cried.

"Don't let him fool you, Clara. They are probably fake notes, such as are sometimes sold on the streets," said her husband.

"Why, they look real, Edward. There are ten of them, all \$100 ones."

Mr. Marshall got up and went over to investigate. He had handled too much money to be deceived as to the genuineness of the notes. He saw at a glance that it was good money.

"Where did you get this money, Tom?" he said, almost sharply.

"I made it."

"You did?"

"Yes, sir."

His father was staggered.

"In what way could you have made it?"

"I made it out of the stock market."

"Have you been speculating?"

"I have."

"And you've made all this?" said his father, almost incredulously.

"Why, that's only a fraction of what I'm worth!"

"Only a fraction of what you're worth?"

"Yes, sir. I have \$15,000 cash in a safe deposit box downtown. And in my trunk I have certificates of mining stock worth at this moment

\$10,000 more. I think I am pretty well fixed for a boy. What do you think?"

Mr. Marshall stared at his son, while his wife looked at the boy with breathless interest. She was more inclined to believe his story than her husband, utterly incomprehensible as it appeared to her.

"You are making a most astonishing statement, Tom," said Mr. Marshall. "It does not seem to be within the bounds of common sense. Are you jesting with us?"

"No, sir, I'm telling you the truth. I've been making this money by degrees during the last two years, but not until three months or so ago did I begin to pile it up. Of the \$26,000, I received \$500 from a broker, a while ago, for returning him his pocketbook containing \$3,500, which accidentally came into my possession. As to the stock, that was pure hog-luck. I paid \$120 for 60,000 shares of a stock that had no market value. I sold 10,000 shares for \$500 cash before the stock had any standing in the market. The stock has now acquired a selling value of 20 cents a share, consequently my 50,000 shares are worth \$10,000, and I expect they will be worth more in a few months. The rest of the money I made speculating in stocks."

Mr. Marshall sat down, thoroughly astonished, for he could see that his son was in earnest.

"Perhaps you'll tell us something about your speculations. The matter is not quite clear to me yet."

Tom started in and explained how he had saved \$50 in one way or another, and then bought five shares of a certain stock on margin. He was lucky and doubled his money. Then he went on, bringing his speculations down to his last one, where he made \$4,000 the day before in L. & M.

"Now you know the whole business. I wanted to give you both a big surprise and I think I've succeeded," said Tom. "I am worth \$25,000 and mother is worth \$1,000. I don't think you need worry much over the loss of your position, particularly as I think you'll connect with our office in a short time."

"I take off my hat to you, my son," said Marshall, Sr. "You are smarter than I am. You must have inherited it from your mother, for she's the best manager in the world. She has kept our home together sometimes under trying circumstances. She well deserves the money you have presented her with."

"She certainly does, father. She's the best mother in the world," said Tom enthusiastically.

He threw his arms around his mother's neck and asked for ten kisses—one for each of the bills—and he got them. There was no more gloom in the little flat after that, for the future wore a roseate hue that told of better times in store.

CHAPTER X.—En Route for Chicago.

Next morning, about eleven, Tom brought a note to his boss from Thacker. Mr. Benson was very busy at the Exchange that morning, and it took six or seven minutes for Tom to deliver his note. The broker read it, and then told the boy to wait, as he had a note to go to a broker in the Mills Building.

"Rush!" said Mr. Benson, handing it to him.

Tom ran across and down Broad street. As he was passing an office entrance a messenger boy dashed out with a rush and ran into Tom with such force that both of them fell over one another and were pretty badly demoralized. A couple of gentlemen set them on their feet, picked up their notes, which had fallen out of their hands, and handed them the envelopes. The messenger who had caused the damage considered Tom to blame and abused him for getting in his way. Tom retorted with equal warmth, and only for the gentleman they would have resorted to their fists. Finally Tom got on his way again, took an elevator up and got out at the third story. He looked at the envelope for the number of the office, for he had never been there before, and discovered that the envelope he had was not the one Mr. Benson had given him to deliver.

"This is nice, I must say," he muttered. "That rooster who ran into me has got my note and I've got him. Now, how am I going to find him and get my note back?"

It was certainly a poser. While he was considering the matter he noticed that the flap of the envelope had come open, owing to the fact that it had been hastily sealed.

"Maybe I can find out who the party's boss is by looking at the note," he thought.

He pulled the note out, but it gave him no clue, for it did not bear a printed head but was written on a sheet torn from a pad. This is what he read, and it interested him considerably:

"J. M.—Get busy and buy D. & C. right and left till you receive further instructions.

"S. P."

"That means somebody, a syndicate, I guess, is going to try and corner that stock with the view of booming the price," he thought. "That's what I call a tip that looks good. I must get in on D. & C. myself."

He returned the note to the envelope and sealed it up.

"I'll have to go back to Mr. Benson and take a call-down for losing his note, though it wasn't my fault," he said.

He knew he wouldn't get much of a call-down from his boss, who would understand that the loss had happened through the accident. He rushed back up Broad street and was heading for the Exchange when he spied the boy who had run into him. Rushing up to him, he said:

"Here's your note. Where's mine?"

"Oh, it's you, you lobster! What did you pick up my note for? I got a jolly good wiggling for fetching your note to my boss," said the other.

"I didn't pick it up. The gentleman who picked me up handed me your note, supposing it belonged to me."

"That's the way I got your note. Here you are."

They exchanged notes and parted, Tom running back to the Mills Building and delivering his message. Then he went back to the office. Before three o'clock he had bought 1,000 shares of D. & C., at 87. It was a week before the stock began to advance to any extent, and during that time Tom kept a sharp eye on it. Thacker noticed the

boy looking frequently at the ticker and, surmising he was interested in some quiet speculation, he reported the matter to Mr. Benson.

The broker had no suspicion that Tom was engaged in any business of that sort. As he didn't find that the boy was neglecting his work in any way, he paid no attention to the cashier's statement and said nothing to Tom on the subject. Decoration Day fell on a Friday that year, and on Thursday morning Thacker showed Mr. Benson a telegram he got from Salem, Mass., notifying him of the death of his aunt.

"I'm going to take a train for Boston this evening," he said. "As I might not return till Tuesday or Wednesday, I thought I'd tell you."

"All right," said the broker. "Desmond can look after your work."

Shortly afterward he telephoned Police Headquarters to send down the detective who had been put on the missing bonds job and who, at his request, had dropped the case. When the officer appeared he pretended to be a customer and was shown into the private room, where he and the broker held a consultation. The conversation Bob had overheard between Desmond and Thacker was reported to the sleuth, and Mr. Benson said that his cashier was going to Boston that evening.

"Then he will doubtless have the bonds with him, and I had better arrest him at the Grand Central Station. I'll find out what time the night trains leave over the Shore Line, and then I'll be on hand when he gets there," said the detective.

"Very well," said the broker. "Notify me if you recover the bonds and I will call at Headquarters and make a formal charge against him."

The detective nodded and went away. That afternoon D. & C. loomed up to 102 3-8 and Tom sold out, figuring on a profit of \$15,000. Mr. Benson told Tom that Thacker was going to Boston by train that evening.

"He will be met at the Grand Central Station by a detective and arrested, for we expect he will have the missing bonds with him," said the broker.

At half-past three Mr. Benson gave Tom a note to take to Jersey City.

"You needn't return to the office after delivering it," said the broker.

As Tom walked out of the office, Thacker walked into the private room and said he would like to quit work then as he wanted time to pack up for his trip. Mr. Benson said he could go.

Thacker put on his hat and overcoat, and instead of going uptown to the flat where he lived, he made a bee-line for the Cortlandt street ferry, where he bought a ticket to Chicago and got on the ferryboat. Tom was delayed on his way to the ferry, and when he got there he was surprised to see Thacker walking up to the ticket office.

"What in thunder is he doing here?" the boy asked himself. "Mighty queer, it seems to me. He must have left the office early for some purpose connected with his trip to Boston to-night. Hello! he's asked for a ticket to Chicago. What does that mean? Is he going there instead of Boston? I'll bet that was just a trick of his telling the boss he was going to Boston. He is evidently going to Chicago, from the looks of things."

Thacker left the window and started for the ferryboat.

Tom looked at the clock and saw that it was sixteen minutes of four then. He rushed into the ferry house and just caught the boat.

"If he's going to Chicago, I wonder where his baggage is?" Tom asked himself. "He ought to have a grip of some kind, particularly to carry the bonds in."

Thacker, however, had nothing of the kind with him. As soon as the boat reached the other side, Tom hastened to deliver the note. Then he suddenly made up his mind to take the train for Chicago himself, if he could catch it. He was curious to learn just what the cashier was up to. He bought his ticket and caught the train by an eyelash. It was a fast express, which stopped only twice between Jersey City and Philadelphia. He found that Thacker was in one of the sleepers. He wrote a telegram to his mother, telling her he was on his way to Chicago on business and sent it from New Brunswick, where the train stopped a few minutes. At a quarter past six the train rolled into Philadelphia. Here it remained for twenty minutes, which gave Tom time enough to eat a hasty meal in the station and send a dispatch to Mr. Benson at his home.

"When the boss reads that he'll be mightily surprised," thought the boy. "I dare say the Chicago police will be asked to meet this train and look out for Mr. Thacker. As he does not appear to have the bonds with him, it is possible that he expressed them on ahead. That would be quite a foxy move. It would be apt to queer things if he should be arrested and the missing bonds not found in his possession."

Tom bought a berth in the sleeper ahead of the one in which Thacker was, and turned in about ten o'clock. Next morning a dining car was tacked on to the rear of the train. Tom didn't propose to patronize it, for he was likely to be seen and recognized by the cashier. Thacker would regard his presence on board the train as decidedly suspicious, and the chances were he would make a hasty change of his plans. Accordingly, when the train made the usual twenty-minute stop for the accommodation of those who did not care to eat in the dining car, Tom got his breakfast. He did not attempt to get a look at the cashier lest discovery ensue. He was satisfied that Thacker was riding in the car behind him, and that was enough for him.

The train on which Tom was riding was due in Chicago at nine that evening, and as it gained an hour or so going West, the running time was about twenty-eight hours. Tom took his dinner and supper at the eating stations and passed his time reading a couple of magazines he bought of the train boy. Darkness closed in and Tom knew that his journey was nearing its end. In fact, his ride on that train was much nearer its finish than he dreamed of. As he finished the last reading page in the second magazine and dropped the publication on the seat with a half yawn, there came a sudden and terrific jolt. The next thing Tom knew the car he was in seemed to be mounting into the air. He heard shrieks and exclamations of terror from the passengers, the car jumped forward with a crash and, turning partly over with its forward end in the air, came to a

rest. The Pullman behind ground into it, giving it a shove forward. Amid a pandemonium of cries and groans, Tom found himself under several other passengers and realized that he was one of the victims of a train wreck.

CHAPTER XI.—At Chicago.

Tom was pretty badly shaken up by the wreck, but he was not much hurt. None of the other occupants of the Pullman was seriously injured, though one of the ladies had an arm broken, and several men sustained sprained limbs and other unpleasant casualties. As soon as the shock was over the passengers began extricating themselves from the position in which they were placed. Tom couldn't do anything for himself until relieved of the weight of the three people who had been thrown against him. Although the under dog, he was the least hurt of the bunch. After some trouble he extricated himself from his predicament and found his way out on the tilted platform in front, which rested on the demolished end of a day coach, which lay on its side, off the rails.

Cries and groans were issuing from this car, and also from the two cars ahead, one of which was the smoker. In those three coaches the greatest damage had happened. The engine had left the rails and ploughed its way into a fence, the rails of which it had scattered like chaff, and now lay in the field. Owing to the gloom of night, Tom could not see the full extent of the wreck, but he saw enough to convince him that it was a bad one, and he was mighty thankful over his escape. By the time half a dozen persons had been taken out from the coaches the train hands who had escaped were reinforced by the employees from the town and the gruesome work proceeded more rapidly. People from the town soon began arriving in numbers, and many of them also took hold of the rescue work. Holes were broken in the car sides to expedite matters, and within half an hour all the dead and wounded had been taken out and laid on the turf a short distance away. The town doctors had been summoned and were coming on the ground.

They learned that several hours must elapse before the passengers able to go on would be brought to the city by the train that was being made up to go down the road after them. Probably many of the wounded would be brought in on that train. The officers wondered whether their quarry had been hurt or not. At any rate, there was nothing for them to do but wait. Tom, after looking at the wrecked locomotive, returned to the track where the mail, express and baggage cars were standing, having escaped the general smash owing to the breaking of their couplings, though the baggage car was partly off the track, and the end was smashed from the shock it had sustained from the forward platform of the smoker. Standing in front of it, talking to a train hand, Tom recognized Thacker. The boy went close up behind him and heard him talking about his valise which was in the car. As he had no valise with him when he crossed to Jersey City, Tom now understood that he had sent it ahead of him to the station and had checked it

while he (Tom) was off on his errand for the office. The trainman told him that his valise was probably all right and that he would get it soon after he reached Chicago. Tom was sure the missing bonds were in it, and that he had brought them with him to sell them in Chicago.

It was after eleven when the empty train from Chicago arrived. The baggage car had, in the meanwhile, been put on the track and, with the mail and express cars, switched out of the way. These cars were afterward attached to the train that came down. All the wounded that could be removed with comfort to themselves were loaded on one of the cars. The uninjured passengers and those from the local which had been delayed by the wreck were taken into the other cars and the train started for Chicago. After making several stops, it finally stopped, as was usual, on the outskirts of the Windy City. Here Thacker got off and let the train proceed. When the train rolled into the depot Tom got off and lay in wait for the cashier to shadow him to a hotel, if he could, in case he was not arrested. As Thacker was not on the train now he failed to see him, and so did the detectives who had been telegraphed to arrest him by Mr. Benson and had his description. The officers, after carefully scanning all the men who came in by the train, and failing to recognize any one as resembling the cashier, came to the conclusion that he had been badly hurt in the wreck and was at the town near where the disaster took place. Inquiry developed the fact that the first regular train bound eastward would go out at five in the morning, so they returned to Headquarters to report and get further instructions. Tom was disappointed and disgusted, for he was sure Thacker had escaped in the crowd, unnoticed by him. He hung around till the last of the people had left the depot, and then he went to the baggage room and hung around there, but without result.

He had never been in Chicago before, and he felt like a cat in a strange garret. He had left the office with \$50 in addition to his week's pay in his pocket, and had had over \$30 left, so he was in no danger of going without a bed or a meal. As it was Sunday, he knew the cashier could do nothing about selling the bonds until the following day, so he inquired about a reasonable-priced hotel, and was referred to several, either of which he could reach by a trolley car which ran all night at intervals. He made his way to one of the hotels, which was on the European plan, registered, was assigned to a room, and went to bed. He slept late and had his breakfast at a restaurant, around ten o'clock.

He decided to visit a number of the medium-priced hotels and examine their registers to see if he could locate the cashier.

After visiting several hotels without result, it occurred to him to go to the headquarters of the police and see if they had received any instructions from New York. He inquired his way there and learned that orders had come from the New York authorities to arrest Thacker if they could spot him by the description forwarded.

"So you came on the wrecked train with the man?" he was asked.

"I did. He was not hurt, and came to the city on the relief train with myself and other pas-

sengers. I lay for him when the train got in, but I must have missed him in the crowd. Your detectives missed him, too?"

"They did. They concluded he was still at Jackson with those who were killed or too badly injured to come on, so they went there early this morning to see if they could identify him."

The police decided to send men out to look up the guests arriving late the previous night at all the hotels. That took the trouble out of Tom's hands and he went to dinner. After the meal he boarded one of the trolley cars for a long ride that would give him a general view of a part of Chicago. The car carried him beyond the city limits and he found it was bound for one of the suburbs on the prairie, so he got off and took a return one back. The car stopped at the crossing of another line to take passengers with transfers aboard. Among those who entered Tom was staggered to see Desmond, accompanied by the cashier.

CHAPTER XII.—Tom and the Missing Bonds.

Tom was so taken by surprise that he stared, open mouthed, at the two men. He was at the forward end of the car and they took their seats near the door at the other end. Had they looked in his direction at that moment his manner would doubtless have led to them recognizing him, and they would have been as astonished as was he. They did not look, and Tom had the chance to recover his self-possession and pull his hat well down on his forehead. He kept his eye on them, more or less intently, until the heart of the city was reached and they got out.

One or both of them appeared to be well acquainted with Chicago. Tom got out and followed them along the business street. He believed they would lead him to the hotel where they were temporarily domiciled, then all he would have to do would be to notify the police. They went on till they came to the river and crossed over to the north side of the city on the bridge at that point. They continued for several blocks along the street, then turned into another. They walked several blocks along that street and turned again. Halfway up the block they entered a cheap-looking building, surrounded by very ordinary buildings, all of which might be classed as tenements. The one they entered was a cut between a lodging house and a very cheap hotel. Over the door was a red glass lantern lettered, "The Lake House."

He waited a while and then entered the place. A stairway led up to the second floor where the office was, the ground floor being occupied by a liquor saloon, which was closed, with the shades drawn up so that the bar was visible from the sidewalk. Reaching the landing, Tom saw the reading and lounging room before him. One end of it was occupied by a counter, a desk, a hotel rack where the keys of the rooms were kept when the guests were out or the rooms unoccupied, and a smooth-faced young man, evidently the day clerk. He was seated in a chair, with his feet on the counter, reading a paper. Tom looked cautiously around the room. Several men were talking and smoking there, but Thacker and Desmond were not among them. Reassured on that point,

Tom walked in and advanced to the counter. The clerk removed his feet to the floor and got up.

"Two gentlemen came in just now," said Tom. "Are they stopping here?"

"Yes," said the clerk. "Do you know them?"

"They're acquaintances of mine. I suppose they have gone to their rooms?"

"They occupy the same room—27, on the fourth floor back. Want to go up? I'll call the porter unless you think you can find your own way. The rooms are plainly numbered."

"I'll find my way."

He pulled the register to him and looked over the names under that date. Neither Thacker nor Desmond's name appeared.

"They've registered under fictitious names," he thought.

He looked for Room 27. The last name on the book, "Phil Small," had 27 against it.

"That's Desmond," said Tom to himself. "He's just registered. Thacker met him at the station he arrived at and fetched him here."

At the top of the day's list was "T. Edmunds, 27."

"That's Thacker, for his name is Edmund," decided the Wall Street boy.

As there was nothing more for him to learn in the reading room, he walked out and ascended the stairs to the third floor. Another staircase took him to the fourth floor. The long hall leading to the back of the building, and lined on both sides with numbered rooms, was silent and unoccupied. Tom took off his shoes and followed the numbers till he came to 27. There he paused and heard voices inside. He stopped and applied his eye to the keyhole. The key was in the way and he could see nothing. Above the door was a partly open transom and Tom looked at it wistfully.

"If I could reach that," he thought. "But how was he to do it?"

He walked to the window a few feet away and looked out on a fire escape. This ran under the window belonging to No. 27. The window was down from the top about a foot. Tom got on the fire escape and edged toward the window. When he got as close to it as he dared go he stopped and listened. The conversation within came quite plainly to his ears.

"It's a good thing for us that you found out what you did, Desmond, otherwise we'd both be in the soup," said Thacker. "I got your telegram at Pittsburg, but, of course, you know that, for you got mine from there telling you to come on. As the game is blown and the old man not only knows the bonds are missing, but suspects us both in connection with their disappearance, why, we must keep away from New York for some time to come. Of course, it would be folly to offer the bonds for sale here, for I dare say every broker will be posted against us by to-morrow forenoon. We must take the night express for St. Louis. It leaves at eleven. We'll sell the bonds there and then go to Vancouver or somewhere else out of the country. I'll send my wife an express money order before we leave St. Louis, and with that she'll have to get along till further notice."

"But why did you take the chances of coming here? Why didn't you arrange for me to meet you at Pittsburg?" said Desmond.

"I had my reasons, but nearly paid dearly for them, as I was in that train wreck near Jackson last night."

"It seems to have been a bad one."

"It was. I dare say when the police who were waiting to nab me on my arrival failed to find me on the train that brought the people on from Jackson, they concluded I was among the dead or badly hurt," said Thacker, with a chuckle. "What gets me is, how the old man found out I started for Chicago instead of Boston."

"I couldn't tell you that."

"The old man couldn't prove anything against you unless the bonds were found in your possession. As he figured that the securities were on the way to Chicago with me, I was the person whose capture was most desired. No doubt your arrest was to follow mine."

"Are the bonds in that valise?"

"Yes."

"We'll take it with us when we go to dinner, for I don't suppose you intend to come back here."

"I intend to come back."

"What for?"

"I had no sleep last night, and I'd like to take a three-hour snooze before starting for the depot."

"I think you'd better leave it in charge of the clerk downstairs. This hotel is a cheap place, and you can't tell who might prowl around the rooms."

"The people around here are honest enough. This isn't a neighborhood where crooks hang out."

"That's all right, but there are \$50,000 worth of negotiable bonds in the valise, and that kind of stuff is too valuable to take chances with. I think one of us had better remain in the room while the other goes to dinner."

"I have no objection. You go and eat first. We passed a restaurant around the corner on our way here. I guess you can find it. I'd rather sleep than eat."

"This window opens on a fire escape. Somebody could easily step in while you were asleep. Better close it and set the catch."

"That will shut off the air."

"You'll get all you want over the transom."

"Not very wholesome air, that. Don't you worry about that window. You go to dinner and get back as soon as you can. I think you'd better lock me in and take the key with you, then you won't have to wake me up to get in."

"That's a good idea. Well, I'm off."

Tom heard Desmond go to the door and let himself out, and then he heard his footsteps echoing along the oilcloth-covered corridor. The Wall Street boy's purpose all along was to notify the police that Thacker and Desmond could be found at the Lake House, and to arrange to meet a couple of detectives at the corner and accompany them to the house to make the double arrest.

When he heard Thacker say that he was going to take a three hours' sleep or so, it occurred to him that with Desmond out of the way for half or three-quarters of an hour he might be able to get the missing bonds out of Thacker's valise and thus put a feather in his own hat, for, boy-like, he was eager to distinguish himself. With

that end in view, he remained on the fire escape after Desmond took his leave. When his watch showed him that ten minutes had elapsed, he guessed that Thacker must be asleep. To make sure, he waited five minutes more. Then he seized the lower window sash and raised it softly to a height that gave him easy admittance. Looking in, he saw Thacker stretched out on the bed, breathing heavily.

He crept inside and crawled to the bed. Feeling underneath, his fingers touched the valise. He pulled it out. It was locked, of course. Tom pulled out his pocketbook, jabbed the big blade into the canvas covering and proceeded to make an opening large enough to get the bonds out. He went slowly, for the canvas made a ripping sound, and the least noise he made the better, since unusual sounds sometimes arouse a sleeper where ordinary ones fail to do so. At the end of fifteen minutes he had badly ruined the valise and had the bundle of bonds in his hands. He shoved the valise back under the bed and started for the window. At that moment Thacker awoke with a start and saw him. The cashier did not recognize the boy, for his back was turned to him.

"Who in thunder are you, and what are you doing in my room?" he cried, springing off the bed.

Tom, realizing that he was caught, turned and faced him.

"Tom Marshall!" ejaculated Thacker, starting back in consternation and surprise.

"Yes, I'm Tom Marshall. The game is up, Mr. Thacker. I've got the bonds, and the cops outside will get you," said Tom.

"My Heaven!" he exclaimed. "Am I to be arrested, after all?"

"You certainly are, and you'll be taken back to New York with Desmond."

"Then he is in the hands of the police? I'll not be taken back to New York. I'll kill myself first!"

He drew a small revolver from his pocket and was cocking it when Tom dropped the bonds and sprang on him, tearing the weapon from his fingers.

"I'll give you a chance to escape the police," said Tom.

"What chance?" returned the desperate old man.

"Go down the fire escape and make your way, somehow, to the next street. Then get out of Chicago as soon as you can," said the boy.

Thacker jumped at the suggestion and, passing out of the window, hurriedly went down the fire escape and dropped into the yard. Hardly had he left the room when Tom heard footsteps coming along the corridor.

"That's Desmond coming back," he said. "I must beat my retreat."

Picking up the package of bonds, he passed through the window and glided over to the corridor window. He heard Desmond unlock the door and enter the room. As soon as he heard the door shut he sprang into the corridor and ran for the stairway, where he paused to put on his shoes. Then he ran down the stairs. He got by without being challenged and made his way to the street. He inquired of a passerby the direction of the river, for he knew he had to recross it to reach the hotel he had put up at. He reach-

ed the river, but not the same bridge he had crossed while following Thacker and Desmond. That didn't greatly matter, for he met a policeman on the other side and the man directed him how to reach his hotel.

He boarded a car and the conductor let him off at a certain street. Tom followed directions and saw the hotel on the other side of the way. He also saw the restaurant where he had breakfasted, and as it was after six o'clock he entered and ordered supper. When he had finished his meal he went across to the hotel, asked for his key and went directly to his room. He examined the bonds carefully and found all of them in the package. Tom went downstairs with the package under his arm. He looked up the exact time one of the night expresses for New York would leave Chicago, and, having found out, he got into telephone communication with police headquarters. He was told that an officer would be over to his hotel to see him, but when the detective asked for him at the desk, Tom was aboard a trolley car, en route for the depot of the Lake Shore road. In the meantime, things were happening in Wall Street, connected with Mr. Benson's office. Tom, in anticipation of the exit from the office of Thacker and Desmond, had spoken to the broker about his father, who would be out of work after Decoration Day, and Mr. Benson promised to give him a trial as cashier in his place. On Sunday afternoon, at the time Tom was in Chicago, the broker sent a note by a messenger boy to Mr. Marshall, telling him to call at the office at quarter-past nine on the following morning.

Mr. Marshall called and, after an interview, was set to work in the counting room in Thacker's place. During the day a second bookkeeper was engaged, and he was given Desmond's desk. Mr. Benson spent a part of his time, when not employed at the Exchange, in his counting room, explaining to Mr. Marshall things he did not understand. Thus the day passed away while Tom was speeding toward the metropolis on a New York Central train, with the missing bonds in his possession. He was due to reach New York at ten that evening, but fate willed otherwise.

At Buffalo a detective boarded the train, acting under orders from Chicago, and he was taken off and held for the arrival of a Chicago sleuth. This officer arrived a few hours later and after an interview with the boy decided to let him proceed. This delay held Tom back till he could connect with the express which reached the city at about ten in the morning. On leaving the Grand Central Station he took a Third avenue elevated train for Hanover Square.

As Mr. Benson had heard nothing either from Tom or the Chicago police relative to the capture of Thacker and the recovery of the bonds,

he was in a nervous sweat as the time had arrived for turning the bonds over to his wards, both of whom had reached their legal age on the first day of June. Both were anxious to get their property, and on Tuesday morning, at half-past ten, they called at the broker's office, accompanied by a cousin, who was a policeman and was off duty that day. Mr. Benson received them in his private office. They explained the object of their visit.

"We expected to receive a request from you to call," said John Field, "but not hearing from you, we decided to call ourselves."

"That was quite right," said the old broker. "I'm always glad to see you, and I congratulate you on having reached your majority—both of you."

Then Benson told them about the missing bonds and asked them to keep the matter quiet and let the police have a chance to get them back. In any event, he was responsible for their amount, so they would lose nothing. At last the young people got up, looking dissatisfied, and said they would call again in a day or two. At that moment the door was thrown open suddenly.

"I've recovered the bonds, Mr. Benson!" cried Tom, rushing into the room and waving them in the air.

With a cry of joy and relief, the broker fell on his knees and extended his arms toward the boy. Tom's return was a great event in the office. When the young heirs found that the bonds had turned up, they changed their tune at once and assumed a particularly friendly front. Tom told his story then and there, and Mr. Benson declared he was the finest and smartest lad in the world. With the recovery of the missing bonds my story properly ends, and so we will add only a few more words about our hero's general good fortune.

He was now worth \$30,000 in cash, owing to having doubled his capital in his last deal in D. & C., while his Alpha stock was easily worth \$20,000 more, making him worth \$50,000, or as much as the two Field heirs together. Mr. Benson presented him with \$1,000 for getting the bonds back, and raised him to a desk in the counting room, where his father had already made good as cashier. Six months later Tom sold his Alpha stock for \$45,000, and added another \$25,000 without effort to his capital, which fully demonstrated that he was a lucky boy in Wall Street.

Next week's issue will contain "HUNTING FOR TREASURE; or, THE PIRATE'S CHEST OF GOLD."

TAKE NOTICE!

KEEP your eye on "Moving Picture Stories," No. 450, out August 12th. It is going to contain something that will interest you. Next week we are going to tell you a few facts about the affairs of Anatole.

CURRENT NEWS

THE LARGEST RAIN-GAGE.

Mount Waialeale, of Kauai, Hawaiian Islands, is the rainiest spot on earth. The United States Geological Survey measured the rainfall with a gage. The summit of the mountain is probably the most inaccessible place at which a rain-gage has ever been installed and maintained. Only the most expert mountaineers can climb to it, and the visit entails a three-day trip.

In order to meet this difficulty, the survey decided to install a gage so large that it would hold a year's rainfall. The gage placed on Waialeale in 1910 had a capacity of 600 inches, but proved too small. The present gage, installed in 1920, holds 900 inches—*Popular Science*.

COCKATOO KILLS COCK.

A bitter battle was fought at the home of B. F. Rhine, local merchant, Martinez, Cal., by a two-pound cockatoo and an eight-pound rooster.

The diminutive cockatoo proved that weight does not always prevail, for after taking a severe grueling for almost five minutes he grabbed the rooster in the windpipe with his sharp beak, administering the death blow.

According to Rhine, the pair had been at outs for several weeks. The other day the cockatoo was perched on a bush in the back yard when the rooster spied him. The heavyweight barnyard champion made a rush at his smaller enemy, knocking him to the ground and plying spurs and beak. The cockatoo, however, dug his claws into the rooster's breast, and pulling himself upright administered the death blow.

WANDERER AT NINE, HOME AFTER 13 YEARS.

Harry Benson, who ran away from home thirteen years ago when only nine years old, reached New York the other day from Europe thoroughly sick of wandering, eager to settle down, and most anxious to locate his parents, who once lived on Sullivan street, Brooklyn.

Benson, who is now 22, worked his way to this port on the freighter Pittsburgh Bridge, which docked at Pier 39, Brooklyn, from Stockholm. The young man's experiences, besides those with the circus, included arrest as a spy in Bayu, Russia, and four months in jail in Moscow. He was released through the efforts of Mrs. Anna Skals, an American Red Cross worker, and managed to get out of Russia into Finland. There, after continually being detained by the police because he had no passport, an American Consul got him a job on the steamer.

FINDS PREHISTORIC BONES.

William Marshall, a sheep herder, discovered the skeleton of a prehistoric mammal the other day when he kicked over a "stake" in the sagebrush in Butcher Knife Canyon, about four miles east of Arlington, Gilliam county, Oregon, near the mouth of Willow Creek, while watching his flock feeding on the hills.

Parts of skeletons of prehistoric animals have been seen often in past years in canyons in east-

ern Oregon. The tusk Marshall discovered measured nine feet from the base, which is twelve inches in diameter, to the tip. The inside, or narrow part of the tusk, crumbles easily to the touch, but the outside is in perfect state of preservation, and in some spots the outside enamel can be seen. It has a blue black color. A surface excavation disclosed an intact skeleton, including the head, vertebræ and ribs. Arlington citizens are planning to have the specimen exhumed and mounted for exhibition purposes.

LIVING COSTS IN JAPAN.

Justification of the daily lament by foreigners in Japan over the high cost of living is found in a report given out by a committee of the American Legion of Tokio and Yokohama. The report founded on reptiles received from members of the post, fixes the living expenses for a single man at between \$275 and \$291 a month and for a married man between \$541 and \$666 a month, and said that salaries of these amounts permitted no saving whatsoever.

Only one man in the list who made reports spoke of Japan as one where luxurious living conditions prevailed. He said: "It is luxurious, or better to say, lazy, as it seems necessary to have servants, and these are so inefficient that it takes two to do the work of one."

Salaries considered fairly good in the United States are not "good" salaries in the Orient, the result of the investigation shows. The report says the committee feels that no one should come to Japan for sums less than those mentioned above.

ROCKING STONE FROM BUENOS AIRES.

Those who are familiar with the sights of Bronx Park, New York, know what a rocking stone is. For others, it may be explained that the term refers to a boulder of decent size that has been deposited, usually by glacial action, on the surface of rocky ground in such a way as to sway back and forth under the application of pressure from the wind or from a human hand, without toppling completely over. The phenomenon must obviously be a rare one, since the stone must possess sufficiently stable equilibrium to prevent it from keeling over entirely, yet be unstable enough to make motion possible. The Bronx rocking stone is an unusually heavy one, standing well above the head of the person who would rock it. And now we learn of a similar rock down in the southern hemisphere, near Buenos Aires. In at least one respect this is more extraordinary than the New York stone, for the latter presents an entirely solid picture to the eye, and one would never suppose that it would rock until one had tried it; but the Argentine boulder looks as though the merest breath would topple it over into the valley below. This rocking stone is no small stone with regard to size, either; it is 20 feet high and 18 feet long, and is estimated to weigh somewhat more than 300 tons.

A Lawyer At Nineteen

—OR—

FIGHTING AGAINST A FRAUD

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

And, as a matter of fact, although the police searched for half an hour in all sorts of corners and nooks from the cellar to the garret, and even opened some big boxes that were in the latter place, not a sign of Madge Morehouse did they find.

In the basement the police sergeant and Lew Rand came face to face after going from the cellar to the attic and from the attic to the cellar in what might be considered a very thorough search, and had to confess themselves beaten. Mrs. French had glared at them a few times when they had encountered her in their progress through the house, but had said nothing.

"What about those prisoners?" asked the sergeant of Lew, pointing to the two men.

"It's hardly worth while to hold them," said Lew, "although they are without doubt mixed up in the affair. Your men have seen them both and will know their faces whenever and wherever they see them again, and more may be learned by watching them than by temporarily detaining them."

"That's my idea, too," assented the sergeant, and then he and his men left the house with Lew, telling the two men that they had made a mistake and were very sorry for the trouble that had been caused. This statement was received with a grin by both men, and it was plainly to be seen that they took no stock in the sergeant's words.

Lew jumped into the wagon with the policemen and returned with them to the station, going at once to the cell occupied by Grace Carrington. She was sitting on a bench near the barred iron door, and on her lap was a tiny dog, the property of the doorman. The little animal could pass easily through the bars of the door, and had gone into the cell and made friends with the prisoner.

She looked up eagerly as Lew approached.

"Did you get her?" she asked.

"No, we didn't get her for the very good reason that she was not in the house," said Lew, "and I am much obliged to you for sending me on a wild goose chase. What good could that do you?"

"None at all," answered Grace, "and for that reason you ought to know that I was not trying to fool you. That girl was in that house last night, and, for that matter, she was there this morning."

"Did you see her?"

"No."

"Then how can you be sure that she was there?"

The girl was silent a moment, and then said, without any attempt at explanation:

"I know she was there."

"Well, she's not there now," said Lew, "and if you want to get out of the fix you're in you'd better tell me where she is."

"I told you the truth," stubbornly said the prisoner, "and you ought to keep to your word and let me off."

"You must think I am a fool," sternly said Lew. "I believe that you can tell me where Madge Morehouse is detained, and you'll either do so or take the consequences. In your case it will mean that whatever ability I possess as a lawyer will be used to secure you the heaviest sentence I can for your two crimes, and I promise you that you will not see the outside of a jail for ten years to come, for I will prosecute you as bitterly as I know how. Talk out if you want to save yourself."

The girl looked down on the floor of the cell and played with the ears of the little dog nestling in her lap.

"You're acting like a fool," went on Lew, incensed at her silence, "and I give you my solemn word that I'll have no mercy on you."

Still the girl remained silent, and after trying once more to get her to talk Lew gave it up and walked away, leaving her playing with the little dog on her lap.

Lew went back to the office, very much disturbed in mind, and wondering whether Madge was in much distress. He certainly was in great distress himself, and found it very hard to fix his mind on anything.

He went out to a restaurant and ate his lunch without being aware of what kind of food he was swallowing, so absorbed was he, and then he left the place and made his way to the police station, having made up his mind to work on the sympathies of Grace Carrington by drawing a mental picture of the sufferings Madge must be enduring.

As he approached the barred door of the cell, he saw Grace sitting just where he had left her, and the dog was still in her lap, but now the little animal lay on his back with his feet up in the air, and something in the attitude of the little pet struck Lew as strange.

"What's the matter with that dog?" he asked, for he loved animals and was very sympathetic.

Grace Carrington looked at him with blazing eyes, and then took a folded note from the bosom of her dress and shoved it out to him through the bars.

"Don't open it until I say so," hastily exclaimed the girl as Lew was about to unfold the note she had handed to him. "Have you got a pencil?"

"Yes."

"Then write a couple of lines on the outside of the paper and sign your name to them. Anything will do."

Wondering what it was all about, Lew wrote two lines on the paper, putting the note against the wall, and then signed his name under them.

Then he handed it back to the girl, who looked carefully at the written lines and the signature, and then opened the note and looked at what was written there.

(To be continued)

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

RATS DESTROY EVIDENCE.

I. J. Bounds, attorney, and George F. Steam, hotel man, pleaded guilty to violation of the migratory bird treaty through killing a swan and were fined \$5 each by Judge Frank Rudkin in Federal Court. They stated that, while pleading guilty, the bird they killed was an Arctic goose.

When the court asked for material evidence they said that the stuffed bird, which caused the case, had been placed in a chest for safe keeping, as they had intended to use it as evidence, but that rats got into the chest and destroyed the exhibit.

GROWS NATIONAL FLAG CORN.

Professor William L. Woodburn of the Botany Department, Northwestern University, has produced a red, white and blue breed of corn in celebration of the Fourth of July. He worked three years at it and announced that he had succeeded in developing the patriotic ear.

"I got the idea about three years ago when I went to study grain among the farmers around Rockford, Ill.," said Professor Woodburn. "I knew there were the different colors of the grain and had an idea that by careful selection and breeding a red, white and blue variety could be perfected."

"The newspapers and magazines joshed me a good deal when I announced I would try it and the farmers laughed at me, but I guess I've shown them it could be done."

The ear grows up speckled, with kernels of the three colors. Professor Woodburn asserts he will soon have the rows of kernels growing in solid bars like the American flag.

BAT MOST SENSITIVE ANIMAL.

The bat is declared by zoologists to be one of the most wonderful of all animals in its physical make-up, and there is strong reason to believe it has from one to three senses that no other animal and no human being has. Its wings are a mass of nerves, and it is these that give it the extreme soft, silky feeling as well as serving to create the most sensitive thing in nature. So delicate are these nerves and so responsive to air vibrations, that a bat can be blinded and turned loose in a room where several objects are hanging from the ceiling by cords, and it will fly about among them without touching any object, the nerves catching the "feel" of the object as the bat draws near them.

Naturalists, in experimenting with bats, have whirled a cane over their heads so rapidly that the cane appeared to be a misty funnel. On their heads they wore caps of vivid colors that bats dislike and would frequently fly at. The bats would rush at them until the whirling cane was reached and then dart between the orbit of the cane without being touched, thus demonstrating a keenness of observation and delicacy of speed judgment unequalled by any other living animal. To make this the more unusual, the bat's eyes are dim and weak, and it depends almost entirely upon the sensitiveness of its wings.

MILES OF RED TAPE.

Here is the latest specimen of Government "red tape." They say it is the longest piece in a noted collection.

A group of college students climbed to the top of the Washington Monument. The elevator was out of commission. A senior arriving at the top, exhausted, fell against one of the windows, 555 feet up, and his hat rocketed down the elevator shaft.

The hatless college lad sought the aid of a guard, who sent him back down the thousands of steps to the monument office, where he obtained an order for the opening of the lower elevator door. Armed with his pass the youth rushed back. Then he was curtly told that he must have the counter signature of another attendant. And this attendant at the moment was at the top of the shaft. Breathless the boy to establish his identity had to climb the thousands of steps again all the way to the top and after getting the signature turned around and descended the thousands more.

The lad got his hat. He also got inside information on Government red tape. Officials, learning to the incident, felt that Gen. Hall and Maria Dawes, in the course of Government housecleaning, may hurl his spectacular form against some of these specimens of needless rules which clutter up all agencies in Washington.

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A Timely Attack.

By D. W. STEVENS.

Although Commodore Porter with his West India squadron for the suppression of piracy was meeting with every success in breaking up the haunts of the outlaws in the region of Mantanzas, on the coast of Cuba, yet, further to the westward there was one freebooter who still continued his depredations.

In a swift schooner, as sharp as a sword-fish, he would suddenly emerge from one of the rugged coast bays and pounce upon any merchant craft that he saw passing in his vicinity.

No quarter would he give to his luckless victims.

Then after the captured craft was plundered she would be burned to the water's edge, thus serving as the funeral pyre of her slain occupants.

From a pirate prisoner, who, in the hope of being pardoned had turned informer, did the commodore hear much of the outlaw of the west coast.

He learned that, among his men, this pirate chief was known by the name of Captain Cain—that he was a big, bearded, villainous-looking person of thirty-five, was possessed by unusual daring, and had sworn that he would never be taken alive, should he be attacked by any war vessel.

"You must, if possible, not only capture the schooner, but must also capture the pirate chief, and be sure you use every precaution to take him alive."

So said the commodore to Roland Gray—one of his passed midshipmen—a fine-looking, manly youth of nineteen, whom he had put in command of a small gun-brig, the Spitfire, with four guns and a crew of sixty men, to cruise for the formidable outlaw.

"Ay ay, sir," answered Gray. "I will use every effort to comply with your wishes."

Having received a few more directions, the youth entered his cutter and was rowed back to the brig, which lay not far from the flag-ship.

The young officer speedily got up anchor, and, having a fair wind, he made good progress on his course.

Two days later the Spitfire, close-hauled in a light breeze, was gliding along within a stone's throw of the west coast of the island.

There was a fog-cloud extending parallel with the shore, while further out to sea the atmosphere was clear.

The brig was nearing a lofty, far-extending headland, whose shadow blending with the mist was almost as dark as that of night, when the sound of a gun was heard on the other side of the elevation.

It was quickly followed by another. Then there was a dull crash as of the falling of a mast.

The brig was kept off, and, as she glided on in the deep shadow of the headland, her occupants suddenly beheld a vessel emerge to view, round the extremity of the projecting elevation, to be soon after followed by another in pursuit.

The former was a bark, evidently a merchant

craft, and her pursuer was a low, sharp-bowed schooner, with a black flag to her gaff.

"'Tis the pirate," said Roland to Mr. Sanders, his acting lieutenant.

"Ay, ay, sir," replied Sanders, "and better than all, she does not suspect our being in her vicinity."

The pirate had probably shot suddenly out of one of the coast bays, and was now less than a quarter of a mile beyond the edge of the fog-bank, darting like some fierce shark toward the bark.

The smoke still was faintly visible about his bow, showing that the gun which had been heard was his bow-chaser, and the ragged stump of the bark's mizzen-mast, with the wreckage alongside, which last was being cleared away, indicated the accuracy of his aim.

Shrouded by the fog-bank and the shadow of the headland, which completely hid her from the gaze of the people aboard the pursuer and the pursued, the brig kept on her way.

On the pirate's deck stood a tall, villainous-looking, heavily-bearded man, wearing a sort of embroidered vest, slashed trousers with buttons at the sides, and high boots, while in a sash about his waist were a long knife and a pistol.

"That must be—the pirate chief—Captain Cain," remarked Roland to his lieutenant, in a voice scarcely above a whisper.

"Ay, ay, sir, and a forbidding-looking fiend he is," was the reply.

Meanwhile the bark was now heading diagonally toward the shore, as if her captain had some faint hope that by entering the fog-bank he might elude his pursuer.

On her quarter-deck stood a girl clinging to an elderly man, as Roland could see through his glasses.

The two were evidently father and daughter, and naturally the girl was much terrified.

To head off the bark the pirate now slightly changed his course, running along parallel with the fog-bank.

Roland waited until the schooner was less than fifty fathoms from the brig, when his clear voice rang through the vessel:

"Square the yards, there! Up helm!"

The men quickly obeyed, and suddenly the Spitfire emerging from the shadow and the fog-bank, headed straight for the pirate.

At this unexpected sight there was a wild cry from the lawless crew, who, wearing low red caps and dark shirts, with sashes bristling with knives and pistols, had been collected about the low bulwarks of the schooner.

Then the voice of Captain Cain came rolling like thunder over the sea, as he shouted:

"Tack and sheets there! Ready for wearing around!"

As lightly as a sea bird the schooner spun round upon her keel, but even as she did so the ringing voice of Roland Gray was heard:

"Fire!"

The whizzing sound of the shot followed, then, crackling and snapping, the schooner's mainmast slowly tottered, until with a crash it fell, top-hammer and all, alongside.

The schooner being thus disabled, the brig gained upon her rapidly.

"Now, boys, stand by for boarding!" said Roland to his men.

The lieutenant repeated the order, and the nimble crew ran out on the booms and sprang into the rigging, where they stood ready to leap upon the deck of the foe.

With a thud the brig struck the schooner's quarter, her booms projecting over her, and, as she moved on grating alongside, the young captain shouted:

"Make fast! Away there, you boarders—away!"

Then, while a few of the men made the brig fast to the schooner with lashings, the others, with their young captain, sprang upon the pirate's deck.

A desperate combat ensued.

"Give it to them, boys, but spare the pirate captain!" shouted Roland. "We are to take him alive and capture his vessel as a prize."

"Blame you, you shall never live to do that!" roared Cain.

He leveled a fresh pistol he had snatched from a fallen man at Roland's head as he spoke.

But as he was about to pull the trigger, one of the brig's seaman knocked the weapon from his grasp with a blow from his cutlass.

A gigantic pirate rushed upon the sailor, who was soon engaged with him hand to hand, while Roland closed with the captain in a sword combat.

The pirate, thinking he saw an unguarded movement on Roland's part, aimed a savage thrust at his heart. This was the young captain's opportunity.

With a quick bend of his body he avoided the keen steel, and then by a swift, backhanded stroke, he broke off Cain's blade at the hilt.

Seeing their chief disarmed, and as their numbers were being still more reduced, while only eight of their opponents had been killed and wounded, some of them presently threw down their arms and suddenly surrendered, when the others were compelled to follow their example.

"Fools—cowards!" wrathfully roared Cain. "All shall suffer for this!"

With a backward leap, he threw himself several feet away from Roland's sword, and ere he could be seized, sprang through the companion-way and down into the cabin.

"Follow me, lads, some of you, and capture him!" cried Roland, as he snatched from the deck the pistol which had been knocked from the pirate's grasp and which had fallen on a coil of rope.

He saw Cain enter a room and heard him close and lock the door.

Roland ordered the men with him to break it open.

The men threw themselves against the door, the lock gave way and it swung open.

As the sailors entered, they saw Cain kneeling by a long hatchway, the hatch of which had been raised on its side revealing the run below, in which was the powder magazine.

In his left hand he held a gun-match or linstock, taken from one of several match-tubs in the room, which contained other implements of warfare.

He had already lighted the gun-match, and was about to hurl it into the magazine, when a nimble sailor sprang forward to prevent him.

With an oath the pirate discharged his pistol at the man sending the bullet through his body. The sailor fell upon his back, in his dying agony clutching the side of the raised hatch.

Again Cain was about to throw the match into the powder magazine, when another seaman, with a blow of his cutlass, inflicted a deep gash on his wrist, rendering the hand powerless.

The next moment the pirate was a captive in the grasp of several of the men.

He was taken aboard the brig, and as soon as his wounded wrist had been attended to by the vessel's doctor, he was confined with the other captives in the steerage.

Roland now had the schooner's deck cleared, and, manning her with a detail, who rigged a jury-mast forward, he prepared to sail to rejoin the squadron.

Before sailing, however, he was rowed to the merchant bark which had been saved by his timely attack on the pirate.

The bark proved to be the *St. Malo*, a Spanish vessel, bound from Brazil for Havana.

The girl and elderly man, the passengers aboard the vessel whom he had previously seen, were an American merchant named Edward Warren and his daughter, Charlotte. The latter was a beautiful maiden of seventeen, and when the merchant cordially invited Roland to visit him on the first opportunity after his arrival at Havana, it is needless to say that the youth accepted the invitation.

A jury-mast was rigged aboard the bark, and in company with the brig and captured schooner she sailed for her destination.

She safely arrived there, and a day later Roland Gray rejoined the squadron and made his report to the commodore, who was much pleased and who promised to promote him.

Cain and the survivors of his crew were tried and sentenced at Havana by a special court, with some of the American naval officers—among them was Roland Gray—presiding at the trial. The pirate's men, to save time, were shot dead, but their chief was hung to a gallows erected for that purpose, near the public prison.

His remains were deposited under a black rock near a lonely part of the seashore, about two miles from the port.

This gloomy landmark remained in sight for some years, when it was buried by the encroaching waters of the ocean.

His presence at the trial in Havana had afforded Roland an opportunity to visit the merchant who had invited him.

Charlotte and he were mutually attracted, and, as may be imagined, he saw her as often as he could obtain leave of absence from the commodore for that purpose.

A few years later, at which time Roland had been promoted first lieutenant, and was then aboard the sloop-of-war *Eagle*, at anchor in the port of Havana, the young officer and the beautiful girl were made man and wife at the home of the bride's father.

They proved to be a congenial couple.

Fame and Fortune Weekly

NEW YORK, JULY 29, 1921.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

AVIATOR EXPLORES THE GRAND CANYON.

An army flier, Lieut. Pearson, has explored the Grand Canyon with a view to studying the air currents. His experiences are interesting. He says: "In spite of the fact that the upper part of the Grand Canyon is thirteen miles from rim to rim and the lower gorge is eight miles wide, I felt cramped for room when I was descending into the chasm. I seemed every moment to be flying right slap into some cliff."

PULLS OWN TOOTH.

For many years Dr. Joseph Lutz, dentist, has told folks it didn't hurt to have a tooth pulled. The other day he discovered that two of his own needed ousting.

He screwed up his courage, barred the dental parlor doors, applied the forceps and gave a big yank. The tooth came out all right. But Joe yelled like a Comanche and swore wickedly. Then he lost his nerve and telephoned for his side-wheeler, Harry Tweedy, to come down and pull the other tooth. Never again will Joe tell people it doesn't hurt.

TROUT CAUGHT WEARING CELLULOID NECKBANDS.

Many strange tales have been written about fish, but there is one which is the strangest of all, and yet it is true, according to the Stroudsburg, Pa., Record and Times-Democrat. The tale is about two trout caught by fishermen in the Brodheads, one of the best trout streams in Monroe County, decked out in the finery of celluloid neckpieces.

The fish were caught by Charles Bond, a textile expert, and Charles Widmer, a barber. Widmer's fish, it appears, was particular in choosing colors, for it wore a pink ring. Bond's wore a white ring. The mystery of how the rings got on the trout's necks has been solved.

There is a celluloid factory on the Brodheads. The rings are cast into the stream, and the fish, attracted by the colors, put their heads through them. As the fish grew the rings fitted more securely.

387,179,492 U. S. COINS MINTED AT PHILADELPHIA.

The Philadelphia mint turned out 387,179,492 coins in the fiscal year which ended July 1. Of this number 342,278,112, with an aggregate value of \$26,742,350, were for domestic use. The domestic coinage included 12,266,000 silver dollars, 4,088,000 half dollars, 50,000 Maine Centennial half dollars, 200,112 Pilgrim Fathers half dollars, 18,524,000 quarters, 29,870,000 dimes, 47,937,000 nickels and 229,343,000 pennies.

Outside coinage included 31,903,352 silver and nickel pieces for Cuba, 1,000,000 silver pieces for Colombia, 2,000,000 nickel pieces for Peru and 2,000,000 for Venezuela.

The June output was the smallest of any month during the year, due to a lack of demand for small coins. It was confined to 1,750,000 silver dollars and 1,436,000 nickels.

LAUGHS

Patsy—Say, Chimmie, who was Robinson Crusoe? Chimmie—He was de duck wot got a long term on de island.

"Weren't you shy when the judge asked you your age in court?" "Yes, I was about ten years shy, my dear."

"It is said that impetuous people have black eyes." "Yes, and if they don't have them, they are apt to get them."

The Seller—Do you need any typewriter supplies, sir? The Guvnor—Typewriter supplies? No. I've only just brought her a box of chocolates.

Caller—Snip & Co. have employed me to collect that bill you owe them. Owens—You are to be congratulated, sir, on securing a permanent position.

"How are you?" "Oh, I'm about even with the world." "How's that?" "I figure that I owe as many people as don't owe me."

"Don, did you give Bessie the best part of that apple, as you were told?" "Yes, I gave her the seeds. She can plant them and have the whole orchard."

"Well, my little man," said the old gentleman, "and how old are you?" "Five," answered the child. "And what are you going to be?" "Six."

Billy—It always seems to me that the second half hour is far longer than the first. Neddy—Of course it is. It goes slower because the minute hand has to climb up during that part of the hour.

Mrs. Dashaway—Yes, while we were in Egypt we visited the Pyramids. They were literally covered with hieroglyphics. Mrs. Pneurich—Ugh! Wasn't you afraid some of 'em would get on you?"

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

RATTLESNAKES ABOUND.

Rattlesnakes are plentiful this year in Forest County, Pennsylvania. Henry Armburger located a den a few days ago and killed three large ones. Later in the day two boys visited the same den and killed two. A Forest County newspaper suggests that if the State would offer a bounty for rattlers the number would be greatly diminished within a year or two and the danger of being bitten lessened.

GREATEST SALT BED FOUND.

A salt deposit 650 miles long and from 150 to 250 miles broad has been discovered underlying parts of Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas and New Mexico, according to the United States biological survey.

It is the largest salt bed in the world and lies about 1,000 feet below the surface of the ground, on an average, with an approximate thickness of 300 feet.

A sample of the salt on exhibition shows it to be in the form of hard crystals, running about 98 per cent. pure salt.

ALLIGATOR ATTACKS BOAT.

Bathers in Gallipolis, O., are giving the waters of the Ohio and Kanawha Rivers a wide berth due to the announcement that a large alligator attacked a boat in which Mason Maupin was crossing the Kanawha near Arbuckle. The "gator" with one swoop of its tail is said to have partially wrecked the boat, forcing Maupin to fight desperately with a heavy oar against the attacks of the saurian before being able to reach shore.

Old river men declare that alligators, while frequently appearing in the Mississippi and lower tributary streams, have never before been known to reach these waters.

OLDEST TREE.

With full appreciation of the beauty and recognition of the majestic size of the giant cypress of Mexico, exception must be taken to the supposition that it is the "oldest tree in the world," says the American Forestry Magazine of Washington. The honor of being the "oldest living thing" belongs to the Gen. Sherman tree in the Sequoia National Park in California. These Mexican cypresses grow to enormous size, and are believed to attain an age of 2,000 years, but it must be remembered that the Gen. Sherman was "a lusty youth of 1,500 summers when Christ was born." Its exact age cannot be determined without counting the rings, but it is probably well in excess of 3,500 years.

MOROCCAN WIVES WORK HARNESSSED WITH OXEN.

Apart from all international agreements and political reasons, the stranger in the Spanish zone of Morocco soon reaches the conclusion that humane feeling and propriety call for an effort to bring the inhabitants of Morocco into contact with civilizing influences.

The sloth and misery existing among the men of Morocco strike one on every hand. They despise labor of any kind for the purpose of making a living. They think it good, however, for their women folk and see no inconsistency in harnessing their wives with beasts of burden.

Frequently woman may be seen carrying their infants in leather sacks slung at their sides while they are attached to the same yoke as a decrepit bullock or a consumptive cow dragging a clumsy cart. Behind them their lords and masters hold lengthy discussions, never giving aid even in the most difficult circumstances.

At night the men sally forth to rob in the neighborhood settlements, for they seem incapable of shaking off their inbred love of theft. Many of them, it is said, would murder a close relative for a silver coin, and it is certain that, even in circumstances of the utmost peril, they will go on thieving expeditions.

PROFESSIONAL BEGGAR CALLED BORN GAMBLER.

"The professional beggar is a born gambler," Richard A. Billings, manager of the Helping Hand Institute, Kansas City, said. "If one man turns him down there is always hope that somebody else will come across. Some of them make \$8 and \$10 a day.

"The beggar lurks about dark corners and sizes up those who pass by. He has them classified, and even after he encounters a man he is quick to recognize whether he has picked out the right person.

"His story is adapted to the listener. If he talks with one who seems to be a married man his story has to do with a sick child or separation from his family. He watches his prospect and when he sees the eye glisten he presses his climax to a lamentable end.

"If he is talking to a young man the tale is different. There is the story of the unjust employer or inability to work under wretched conditions. In this way he gets money from a man who has less income than himself. If he is talking to a 'sport' he may even ask for money to buy whiskey.

"Sometimes these beggars get dimes, sometimes dollars and sometimes \$5 bills. There is as much uncertainty to it as a game of chance.

"These people are able to prey on the public because it is not generally known that every man can get free lodging and food here for the asking. The Helping Hand does not turn men away when they come asking for help. But the organization requires that a man who is able-bodied must work if he eats. We give them a bed and a meal, but before they get another meal they must do some work. Many men who come to the Helping Hand expect to be supported in idleness. When told they must work they prefer to work on the streets.

"The Provident Association does for families what the Helping Hand does for single men. I have been to many of our largest cities and have never found a system of charity that compares with that of Kansas City."

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

FOUND BURIED MONEY.

Mrs. Daniel Loy, a widow in modest circumstances in Eaton, O., near Richmond, Ind., is \$1,600 richer through the curiosity of Mrs. A. L. Harris, wife of a former Governor of Ohio. Mrs. Harris, a neighbor, entered the Loy cellar to get an article of food for Mrs. Loy, who is ill. Buried under a mass of rubbish she found several fruit jars filled with currency amounting to more than \$1,600.

GIANT PIERS.

It is announced that the first of the twelve piers which are being built at Saten Island will be ready for occupancy on August 6th. Murray Hulbert, Commissioner of Docks and Ferries, is to be congratulated upon the rapidity of the work. All of the piers will be ready by the end of the year. Seeing that the first pile was driven on May 5, 1920, this speeding up is in strong contrast to the dilatoriness which almost invariably distinguishes city construction. The piers are over 1,000 feet in length; ten of them have single-story and the other two double-deck pier sheds, and they have the advantage that there is a bay between the piers 300 feet in width.

DEATH RATE AND AGES.

The death rate among males in this country is twice as great at 40 as it is at 20, according to *The Nation's Business*. This means that 50 per cent. of the vital resistance is gone at that early age, an age when a man is supposed to be at the height of his powers, an age when his vitality should be at least equal to that of a man of 20. Why isn't it? Infections, poisons, mental strain, physical inactivity, too much food, too little food, badly balanced diet—a long list of causes, most of them traceable to the widespread and fallacious notion that a man can have health without working for it!

No man need accept the physical limitations which apparently doom so many to hit the downhill trail almost before they have come to the age that should endow them with the fullest physical and mental power. Right living and right remedial measures, checked up and kept right by means of periodic examinations, forms a combination that would insure a full life to thousands who have long since given up hope of such a thing.

THE DELAWARE BRIDGE.

Work is to be started within the next few weeks by the Joint Delaware River Commission of Pennsylvania and New Jersey on a suspension bridge which will span the Delaware between Philadelphia and Camden, a distance of 1,750 feet. The main span will be 1,750 feet between towers with a clearance of 135 feet above high water. It will be hung from two thirty-inch cables, each made up of 16,531 wires, 0.192 of an inch in diameter, and all parts of the bridge will be designed safely to withstand a live load of 11,990 pounds per lineal foot.

The main span of this bridge will be forty feet longer than that of the cantilever bridge over the Firth of Forth, and fifty feet shorter than

the main span of the Quebec Bridge. It will thus come third in length of main span when the bridges built or about to be built, are completed. First is the Hudson River Bridge, 3,240 feet; second, the Quebec River Bridge, 1,800 feet, and third, the Philadelphia Bridge, 1,750 feet. About 33,000 tons of metal will be required, as compared to an estimate of 47,000 tons for a cantilever bridge over the same river. The cost is estimated by the board of engineers at \$28,871,000, of which \$22,479,000 covers the entire construction cost and the rest provides for the acquisition of real estate necessary for the approaches.

GIANT CRANE LIFTS ITS SMALLER BROTHER.

The Philadelphia Navy Yard boasts of the most powerful crane in existence. It can lift 350 tons at a distance of 115 feet out from its tower, and 50 tons on a reach of 190 feet. In its test for acceptance it lifted a maximum load of 480 tons. Its extreme height is 230 feet. The rotating part of the crane, with its maximum load, weighs 2,917 tons, and the total weight of the whole crane as it rests upon its pile foundations is 4,000 tons. A gigantic structure in very truth.

Recently there was constructed at the outer end of the pier on which the big crane stands a smaller crane of the traveling type. It was built at the outer end of the pier for convenience, and after completion it had to be moved past the big crane, so that it might operate on the shore end of the pier. How to make this transfer was the problem, until someone suggested that, since the yard possessed a crane of sufficient power and reach to lift the smaller crane bodily, it would be a good plan to lift the little fellow up bodily, swing it around over the water, and place it again on the pier in the required position—which was done. We hear much in these days about relativity, and in the present case, although the lifted crane was small in comparison to its big brother, it weighed no less than 310 tons. Many of us can hark back to the day when a 310-ton crane would have been spoken of as "mammoth" or "giant."—*Scientific American*.

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HARRY E. WOLFF, 166 W. 23d St., New York

NEW MACHINE GUN PENETRATES TANKS.

The United States Army has developed a .50 calibre machine gun capable of firing a bullet which, at 200 yards, will penetrate the one-inch armor plate of battle tanks. Major Lee O. Wright, army ordnance department, announced May 28, at the annual convention of the ordnance section of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers at Rock Island Arsenal.

The new weapon is an outgrowth of the war, he said, when fighting tanks were armored to resist the .30 calibre bullet of the rifles and machine guns then in use.

The .50 calibre machine gun fires a bullet weighing 800 grains, as compared to the 150 grains of the standard .30 calibre ammunition.

The gun is modeled along the plan of the Browning machine gun developed during the war and weighs sixty-five pounds. The gun has a muzzle velocity of 2,500 feet a second and an effective range of from 6,000 to 7,000 yards.

In testing the new gun and ammunition the ordnance department has built a rifle range at the Aberdeen, Md., proving grounds.

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Over 50 Years!**

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Yet a Big
Surprise
To Friends**

**Regains
Strength
Goes Out
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Laughs at
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How the
"Inner
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Reveals Startling
Facts Overlooked
By Doctors and
Scientists For Centuries**



"I am eighty-three years old and I doctor for rheumatism ever since I came out of the army over fifty years ago" writes J. B. Ashelman. "Like many others, I spent money freely for so-called 'cures', and I have read about 'Uric Acid' until I could almost taste it. I could not sleep nights or walk without pain; my hands were so sore and stiff I could not hold a pen. But now, as if by magic, I am again in active business and can walk with ease or write all day with comfort. Friends are surprised at the change."

HOW IT HAPPENED.

Mr. Ashelman is only one of thousands who suffered for years, owing to the general belief in the old, false theory that "Uric Acid" causes rheumatism. This erroneous belief induced him and legions of unfortunate men and women to take wrong treatments. You might just as well attempt to put out a fire with oil as to try and get rid of your rheumatism, neuritis and like complaints, by taking treatments supposed to drive Uric Acid out of your blood and body. Many physicians and scientists now know that Uric Acid never did, never can and never will cause rheumatism; that it is a natural and necessary constituent of the blood; that it is found in every new-born babe; and that without it we could not live!

These statements may seem strange to some folks, who have all along been led to believe in the old "Uric Acid" humbug. It took Mr. Ashelman fifty years to find out this truth. He learned how to get rid of the true cause of his rheumatism, other disorders, and recover his strength from "The Inner Mysteries," a remarkable book now being distributed free by an authority who devoted over twenty years to the scientific study of this particular trouble.

NOTE: If any reader of this magazine wishes the book that reveals these facts regarding the true cause and cure of rheumatism, facts that were overlooked by doctors and scientists for centuries past, simply send a post card or letter to H. P. Clearwater, No. 534 G Street, Hallowell, Maine, and it will be sent by return mail without any charge whatever. Cut out this notice lest you forget! If not a sufferer yourself hand this good news to some afflicted friend.

Stop Using a Truss



Yes, stop it, you know by your own experience it is only a make-shift, a false prop against a collapsing wall, and that it is undermining your health. Why, then, continue to wear it? Here is a better way, which means that tiresome, torturous trusses can be thrown away forever, and it's all because Stuart's PLAPAO-PADS are different, being medicine applicators made self-adhesive purposely to prevent slipping and to afford an arrangement to hold the parts securely in place.

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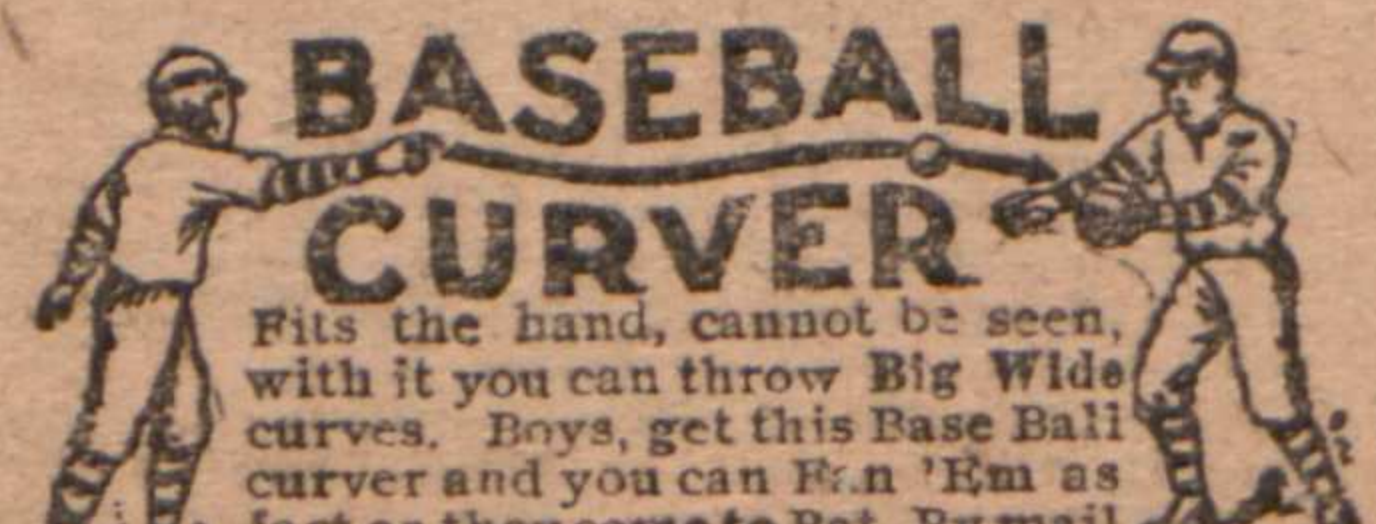


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A MEXICAN LION HUNT.

Lassoing lions is better for spring fever than sassafras tea, according to Stanley H. Graham, who has just returned from a three months' hunting trip in Mexico.

He brought back the skins of fourteen mountain lions, eight tigers, twelve deer, twelve Mexican monkeys and twenty peccaries.

"I've hunted nearly every variety of game in North America," he said, "but trailing the mountain lion beats them all for thrills. The only way to hunt lions is with blood hounds and fast horses. A lion will measure seven feet four inches from nose to tip of tail and weigh 150 pounds. A Mexican lion is what you call a 'hard boiled egg.'

"The real sport is to follow a lion, howling his fury, into a cave. I'd go into the cave with a short carbine and a candle on a pole. The lion would poke his head around an alley in the cave to see the strange light. Then I'd pop him. Of course the discharge of the gun put out the candle, and it's sort of ticklish on the backbone, because you don't know whether you have really killed him or not."

Graham's wife killed four lions.

SEA LION FOUND DYING

A sea lion, which had been terrorizing boatmen and others along the Kill van Kull for two months, is dead. He was on exhibition at the Charleston Boat Club house at K re i s e r v i l l e, Staten Island. He was nearly seven feet long and weighed near 250 pounds.

Boatmen had reported seeing the big mammal in the Kill van Kull, and several attempts were made to shoot him. Rowboats and motorboats were used to trail him, but he invariably "ducked" out of danger. For a week no report of the sea lion had been heard and the residents of that section of New Jersey and Staten Island were breathing easier.

The other day Margaret George, 32 years old, of A n d r o v e t t e Street, Kreiser ville, was picking up drift wood when she noticed a good sized "log." She got a stick and poked at it. The "log" moved. She ran to the boathouse and told the boys. Two of them accompanied her to the spot. They, too, poked the object with sticks and kept poking it until it ceased to move. They then carried it to the clubhouse.

There was a deep cut on the sea lion's head, as though it had been struck by a motorboat propeller.



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"Yet now, at an age over 66, I have a luxuriant growth of soft, strong, lustrous hair! No trace of baldness. The pictures shown here are from my photographs." Mr. Brittain certified further:

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"At a time when I had become discouraged at trying various hair lotions, tonics, specialisms, treatments, etc., I came across, in my travels, a Cherokee Indian 'medicine man' who had an elixir that he asseverated would grow my hair. Although I had but little faith, I gave it a trial. To my amazement a light fuzz soon appeared. It developed, day by day, into a healthy growth, and ere long my hair was as prolific as in my youthful days.

That I was astonished and happy is expressing my state of mind mildly. Obviously, the hair roots had not been dead, but were dormant in the scalp, awaiting the fertilizing potency of the mysterious pomade.

I negotiated for and came into possession of the principle for preparing this mysterious elixir, now called Kotalko, and later had the recipe put into practical form by a chemist.

That my own hair growth was permanent has been amply proved."



Photo when bald.



After hair growth

How YOU May Grow YOUR Hair

It has been proved in very many cases that hair roots did not die even when the hair fell out through dandruff, fever, alopecia areata or certain other hair or scalp disorders. Miss A. D. Otto reports: "About 8 years ago my hair began to fall out until my scalp in spots was almost entirely bald. I used everything that was recommended but was always disappointed until at last I came across Kotalko. My bald spots are being covered now; the growth is already about three inches." G. W. Mitchell reports: "I had spots completely bald, over which hair is now growing since I used Kotalko." Mrs. Matilda Maxwell reports: "The whole front of my head was as bald as the palm of my hand for about 15 years. Since using Kotalko, hair is growing all over the place that was bald." Many more splendid, convincing reports from satisfied users.

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